

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

OCTOBER 24, 1936

NEXT WEEK

THE COMMUNIST AND FREEDOM OF SPEECH has become an acute issue in many communities. Our view of the subject is expressed in an editorial this week. Further discussion on the constitutional aspects of the control of radical propaganda will be taken up by WILLIAM F. KUHN.

JOSEPH F. THORNING is a well-known name among our writers on international affairs. He will analyze the recent news about the devaluation of the franc. But he finds the bigger story in the three nations' agreement to maintain a stabilized currency exchange. From that, he advances to his theory of STABILIZATION, THE FIRST STEP.

THE PURITAN surreptitiously has taken over the title of *Scrip and Staff*. It may be remembered that once upon a time the Anchorite crept into the void of the column and created not a little dismay. The Puritan demands equal freedom and during the next few weeks will say all that is in his heart, 'ere THE PILGRIM RETURNS.

A PAGE OF POETRY, light of mood and with a lilt not too lyrical, will again exemplify the newer inspirations of the MODERN POETS.

ALFRED BARRETT, adroit in the criticism as in the writing of poetry, offers the fruit of his careful study of the writings of Gerard Manley Hopkins. In a later page of this issue Father Leonard Feeney contributes a bit of a preface to the article: CRITICS, COMMUNISTS AND HOPKINS.

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COMMENT

VESTED with the authority of Pope Pius XI as the Papal Legate to the Thirty-third International Eucharistic Congress, His Eminence, Dennis Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, returns once more to the Philippine Islands. Thirty-three years ago, Father Dougherty was the zealous and brilliant professor at St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook. There came a call from the Holy Father to the American priests, begging them to carry their sterling American Catholicism to the Philippines which were being Americanized to the destruction of their century-old Catholic Faith. Father Dougherty was among the first to volunteer. He was named Bishop of Nueva Segovia, and led a band of other apostolic priests who dared with him courageously to the rescue of a weak and wandering flock. Chaos had followed the American occupation of the Islands. But Bishop Dougherty organized and stabilized the affairs of his diocese, and though he suffered much, he accomplished miracles. After five years, he was transferred to the diocese of Jaro, where again he was a savior of the ancient Filipino Faith through his enlightened and progressive administration. After seven more years of arduous missionary labor, he was named, successively, Bishop of Buffalo and Archbishop of Philadelphia, and was created Cardinal in 1921. The Philippine Islands were saved to the ancient Faith at the first coming of Bishop Dougherty. They were preserved in their heritage by the many American priests who sacrificed all by following his path across the Pacific. Now, when they are released from American bondage and are a free nation, they remain loyal to the Catholic Church which first sanctified them nearly four centuries ago. With their first President a Catholic, with many of their Bishops Filipinos, with an ever increasing number of native priests, the Philippine Islands are preparing for the reception of Christ the King at the International Eucharistic Congress next February. Of all the Cardinals of the Church, Cardinal Dougherty was the one who most deserved to be elected the Papal Legate, and the one whom all Filipinos would welcome most.

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DISMISSAL of Karl Radek, until recently Soviet star publicist, contains an element of the ludicrous as well as ingratitude. It shows what has been asserted and often demonstrated that insecurity and fear dangles like a sword of Damocles above the head of every Soviet office holder under Stalin. Radek did his thankless job of selling Russia and the blessings of Sovietism with a zeal that called for a better requital. That this zeal was sometimes touched with comedy might have been laid to ingenuity for a good cause by Soviet sympathizers, as when he suggested to M. Herriot, during his trip to Russia in the famine year, 1933, that the future of

Russia's collective farmers was far brighter than that of America's middle-western ones. Much as our mid-western farmer had to suffer from many causes in recent years, his status as regards food, housing, and clothing is far superior to the Soviet peasant, who has been compared recently by a writer who knows Russia with that of our southern share cropper, "with an all-powerful State telling them what and how much they must plant, how much they must deliver to the cities, and how much they must keep." The same writer adds: "If there is a peasant in Russia today who possesses an automobile, a telephone in his house, or a bathroom with modern sanitary facilities, I failed to meet him during many years of extensive travel in Russia."

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HOW overwhelming would have been the ballot for peace over war, had popular suffrage of the nations involved in the great cataclysm of 1914 been taken, we have no means of knowing. Nevertheless we are fairly safe in asserting that the balance would have rested heavily on the side of peace. The people who have to face the front line fire are not so hasty as some of the nations' leaders, whose chief business seems to be the promotion of war. However may have been the ballot in 1914, certainly today there can be no doubt what that vote would be after the horrific experiences of the late World War. And yet we find the nations who are *not able* to pay their just debts nor even feed their own unemployed, spending millions of dollars on war preparations. It is not surprising, then, to learn how little interest was shown at Geneva, when a rather reluctant hearing was given by the League Assembly to the delegates of the International Peace Campaign. A Peace Congress held at Brussels was attended by 4,000 delegates from forty countries. They represented peace organizations and labor unions from all over the world with the exception of Germany and Italy, and from this assembly the delegation was dispatched to Geneva. Strange as it may seem, these delegates to the League had no endorsement of their respective countries, and as Viscount Cecil, the president of the delegation, wisely remarked, it would be difficult to accomplish anything unless they had the authoritative backing of the Governments. No doubt their reception at Geneva would have been more enthusiastic if they had, for after all the League delegations take orders from home. Perhaps, too, the announcement that the Assembly was to be harangued on the peace question by twelve speakers deterred many of the League delegates from attending. Appearances, however, seem to point to the fact that the war lords are again in the ascendancy, and if they succeed in embroiling us again, the destruction will be far more ruthless than anything we have yet ex-

perienced. It is time that the popular voice assert itself. The world's problems are not so complex that only recourse to arms can settle the differences.

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FALL RIVER, Massachusetts, and Douai, France, are this week bridged in spiritual rejoicing. Five score and ten years ago Jean-Baptiste Debrabant, fired with deep faith and a holy zeal, gathered a few chosen souls to war against the scourge of religious ignorance left as a sad legacy to France in the wake of the Revolution. From the tiny seed then planted at Douai the Congregation of the Holy Union of the Sacred Hearts soon began spreading its branches in France, Belgium, England, Ireland, Italy, North and South America, and Africa. The little group has grown to include today 1,500 members in eighty convents and schools in eight countries, charged with the education of some 30,000 children. Established in Fall River fifty years ago, the American branch has since spread to Providence, Boston, Brooklyn, and Baltimore. Over 8,000 children of grammar and high-school grades unite with their 300 teachers in prayers of gratitude for the rich achievement in our Eastern states of these fifty golden years. God has been kind to the Holy Union, and not least in sparing for the jubilation day the valiant woman who carried with her from France the faith and zeal of the Founder and implanted that tradition in New England, thus uniting her children with the other cohorts then starting the glorious project of our parochial school system. Today Reverend Mother Marie Helena, with a proud record of seventy-one years of service, fifty given to the instruction of youth in this country, nears her four score years and ten, with the retrospect for her children of a glorious record of prayerful zeal and of courage founded on humility, all devoted to the interests of the hearts of Jesus and Mary. AMERICA congratulates the Congregation of the Holy Union and unites with Mother Marie Helena and her devoted children in their thanks to God. The life of Father Debrabant from the quite capable pen of Alice Curtayne appears appropriately for the jubilee.

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MILDLY surprised but no longer shocked expresses our mental reactions to the congress of the Modern Churchmen's Union at Oxford. This Modern Churchmen's Union includes such Christians as Bishop Barnes of Birmingham, Dr. Inge, late Dean of St. Paul's, and Dr. Major, who is Secretary of the Union. Dr. Major in his address on Modern Christianity seemed to wish to establish how low and broad your Modernist can be. This rationalizing expounder of Christianity gives us the difference between the ancient and modern Christian. The latter will admit biblical physical science, truths among Christian beliefs only when proven to be true at the bar of science. Then he extends the principle; the dates, places, authorship, and character of biblical literature may be believed only if proved at the bar of literary criticism. But hold your tears or rather laughter. "The same applies to Christian

historical truths, such as the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, the Ascension, and so on. They can only be rightly held to be true if proved true by scientific historical research." But what of truths that cannot be tested scientifically? Listen to this illuminating and encouraging response: "We have to make the great truths of the Christian religion our working hypothesis, and to observe as we test them, by living in obedience to them, whether the result supports them or not." This is surely to make Christianity esoteric with a vengeance. "God," said Father Woodlock in reply, "is not an intellectual snob who is only interested and values communion with the university don or profound philosopher. Erudition is not a necessary preliminary to the acceptance of Christ's teaching."

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OUR sympathy goes out to the new Commonwealth of the Philippine Islands at the recent disaster that devastated their shores, when three distinct typhoons swept over the seas in the vicinity of Luzon Island on October 10, 11 and 12, killing in the neighborhood of 400 persons and damaging property to the extent of many millions of dollars. Several towns were reported submerged and owing to the flimsy type of structure erected in the tropics thousands of people were rendered homeless. Grave as was the damage to life and property on land, little harm was done to shipping at sea. There was a time when the typhoon meant almost certain misfortune to ships caught in its path. In late years, however, comparatively little loss has resulted on the high seas, owing to the important work of the Jesuit meteorological stations at Manila and Zikawei, a suburb of Shanghai. Here in these observatories Jesuit scientists keep constant vigil over the seas. Messages are received hourly from stations all over the Far East area, and from these weather reports are broadcast twice daily to shipping in the entire region. So accurate are these reports that the magnitude and exact direction of the typhoon are forecasted long enough in advance to allow ships to set a course away from the dangerous area. The work of these meteorological observers has been an incalculable benefit to life and property in the Far East. Except for the warnings of these faithful watchers of the skies the damage in the recent storm, recorded as one of the most terrific yet known, would have been incomparable.

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NEWS that is certainly welcome in scientific circles comes in a semi-official announcement from Vatican City that the Holy Father contemplates founding an Academy of Science, which is to be known as the Pontifical Academy of Science. According to the plan proposed his Holiness is to name the first seventy members, who like the French Academy of Letters will in turn name their own successors. Something of the characteristic universality of the Church, the zealous patron of the arts and sciences, is manifested in the fact that the members of the Academy need not be Catholic provided that they are not anti-religious.

SO YOU WANT TO GET ELECTED

Rules for those entering a political career

EDWARD CONNELL

BECAUSE the Voice of the People didn't call you to help salvage civilization in that last campaign of yours don't go feeling that way. You thought you had the old election right in the bag, didn't you? Well, what went wrong? Something did; what was it? There's no reason why Joe Zilch should have gone to the Legislature leaving you to receive the hypocritical commiseration of your friends. You should have knocked off that job. And I'll bet you an old tweed suit against a pair of laterally-split skis that you went into your maiden campaign with some pretty fuzzy notions of politics.

Now if you're all through with running for office, don't read this paternal advice; but if you're anxious to run again,—ah, that's different! String along, and we'll see what can be done about it. Maybe you'll come across a word or two that will cause a little clicking in your brain. Maybe you'll run to the mirror, look very closely at yourself and think: "Why, I didn't know *that*."

Let us begin with a few elementary definitions. To be specific, the difference or differences between "politics" and "government." Get these two definitely pigeonholed. Even if you don't remember my definitions, which are not so hot, you'll gradually get the idea that there are some differences between the two. "Government" is the creating, adjudging, and enforcing of legislation. "Politics" is the *influencing* of government. Or, as the reformers say, politics is the higgledy-piggledy, back scratching, string pulling, etc., that seems to be a necessary activity without which Americans just won't let a Council meet, a Congress gas, or an engineer lay out governmental grades. But the reformers are biased and prejudiced. Most of them started out to be politicians, but they thought politics was something puerile and easy, and they were left by the roadside to vent their spleen of frustrated dreams and give young people inferiority complexes about going into politics.

Politics and politicians have always been with us. Politics are played in the kitchen, the office, the symphony orchestra. You play your politics every day in the week. Don't you remember? When you were courting Alice and sending her flowers every Sunday night, you were just being a good politician. And when you offered to buy the fives and

drums for the new Legion band you *were* playing politics, you old smoothie! You've had your eye on that Post commandership for some time, now haven't you?

So when the boys ask you to be a candidate again in a year or so, don't go mumbling in your beard that you're "not a politician." No two politicians are alike any more than any two radio performers are identical. There's no resemblance between Cantor and Tibbett, and I'm sure that you would not mistake Gracie Allen for Katie Hepburn. Which brings us to the important point—*be yourself*. Remember that politics is an *art*, one of the subtlest of arts. Your own political artistry may be just the stuff that will register if you only master a few of the fundamental rules that all politicians from Nero to Jimmy Hines have recognized as vitally necessary.

Did you ever attempt a simple classification of our leading politicians, past and present? Well just to prove that there *are* differences, how about these:

The Silent Politician: the late Calvin Coolidge, Republican leader Roraback of Connecticut.

The Raucous, Self-Reliant Politician: the late Huey Long; U. S. Senator Bilbo of Mississippi.

The Aggressive, Resourceful Politician: Governor Curley of Massachusetts; John D. M. Hamilton of Kansas.

The Aggressive, Dull Politician: former Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson of Chicago.

The Aggressive, Cautious Politician: U. S. Senator Borah of Idaho.

The Shrewd, Calculating Politician: Tom Pendergast of Missouri, former Tammany leader Curry, Walter Folger Brown of Ohio, former Postmaster-General.

The Witty Politician: former Mayor James J. Walker of New York City; Governor Louis Brann of Maine; Borough President Lyons of the Bronx, N. Y.

The Ponderous, Pontificating Politician: U. S. Senator Ellison D. ("Cotton Ed") Smith of South Carolina.

The Aristocratic Solemn Politician: Ogden Mills of New York.

The Aristocratic, Confidence-Inspiring Politician:

the incumbent President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

The Ascetic Philosophizing Politician: Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City.

The Travelling Salesman Optimistic Politician: James A. Farley.

The Man With A Divine Mission Politician: Secretary of Agriculture Wallace.

The Intellectual Politician: Dr. Rexford Tugwell.

The Polished Diplomatic Politician: Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

And so on. I could go on with these indefinitely, into a variety of strains, hybrids, etc., to prove that there is no such thing as a political "type." This does not mean, however, that just because politics has room for the talkative and the taciturn, the wit and the pedant, that it is a hit-or-miss game. Is there an aspirant for political preferment who thinks thusly? Let him amend his thinking at once! Borah and LaFollette observe the rules. So do Georgie Jessel and John Barrymore, Joe DiMaggio and Wes Ferrell!

Politics is a tremendously vast subject. But we can cover a few of its phases. Let us assume that you have recovered from the shock of your first setback and that you are again grooming yourself for the hustings. All right, begin to take "stands." You may never have taken many before publicly, but even a ring has a beginning. Let me illustrate what I mean by "stands." On September 17 last year eight inches of rainfall descended upon an unsuspecting and unprepared community. Shops were flooded and cellars became indoor lagoons. Inasmuch as the municipal election was but two weeks away, one of the enterprising candidates immediately took a stand by declaring himself for bigger and better storm sewers and adequate drains. Stands are entirely different from the controversial issues. Keep far away from the latter unless you are dragged into declaring yourself. If you want to find a few good stands, cull something from the following and then you may add a few yourself:

1. Do your policemen wear hot jackets all summer?

2. Wouldn't the hotel keepers and restaurant proprietors welcome more conventions coming to town?

3. What about those buses that are used to transport the school children? Are the brakes good?

Get the point? Stands are all universally-accepted desires. Be gorgeous in stating them. In fact, while we are on the subject, be gorgeous in everything you say or write. Do not say "policemen" but "our brave boys in blue." Don't talk about "people" when you mean "our fair-minded citizens." Never say "children" when you really mean "our cherished little ones." Your "opponent" is really "the tool of a vicious political machine." "Laborers" are "downtrodden workingmen." Don't get "mad." Say that "everything decent in me revolts."

So much for that. And here are the three most important rules to bear in mind when you are battling that tool of a vicious political machine. 1. Put

him on the defensive. 2. Put him on the defensive. 3. Put him on the defensive. Oh, how many elections are lost just because a lazy, philosophical candidate, rejecting these three all-important rules, refused to carry the fight into the enemy's trenches!

You can put that "tool" on the defensive in a number of ways. Challenge him to "explain his vote" in the Council back in 1909 on labor legislation. Now, this 1909 vote may have been the one when the Council voted unanimously to suspend union wages in order to meet an emergency. This vote may have been taken with the consent of the Central Labor Union; but what of it? By the time your adversary, sputtering and fuming, finishes explaining his vote you can taunt him with the fact that he has a "court record." It will take him at least two nights (assuming, of course, that he is too conceited to bother reading such an instructive article as this) to explain what took place when he was arrested, by mistake, and released with abject apologies.

Of course, if he is smart he will avoid explaining,—that cardinal sin of the political neophyte. He will answer your charges with more vivid accusations. But you will pick up some votes. It is really amusing to observe how a skilled politician will put his opponent on the explaining end. For instance, Mr. A, candidate for mayor in a small city, accused his opponent, Mr. B, of making "false promises" and compared Mr. B to "Christopher Columbus, who didn't know where he was going and didn't know where he was when he got there." Whereupon Mr. B, with great indignation, dashed over to the Italian-American League meeting and told the members of Mr. A's scurrilous attack upon that great hero, Christopher Columbus! Childish? Maybe, but it worked,—to the tune of about three hundred votes!

The "native son" appeal is always good. If you were born and reared in the town where you are a candidate, play this up good and hot. If you came to the town as a grown man you'd better work fast and cover yourself before that opponent springs the native son cry. Admit your awful sin of having been born in Podunk. But emphasize the fact that after having looked throughout the "length and breadth of our fair land" you decided to make your home in "this garden spot of the world where tolerance and friendship abound, where the newcomer is welcomed with open arms, where peace and happiness abide."

It's a great game! Someone asked the late John McCooey, Brooklyn Democratic leader, what was the recipe or formula for political success. The cherubic McCooey leaned back in his chair, beamed, and answered:

"Just get people to like you!"

There it is! Get people to like you. They'll like you if you flatter them and they'll like you if they think you're a fighter. They'll like you if they think you are being persecuted by the "interests." But I'm no psychologist. Go to the library and grab off a good book on mental processes. Find the chapter on *How To Get People to Like You.* Digest this thoroughly. You're on the way!

A GENTLE PLEA FOR DOCTORS OF PHILOSOPHY

They are the munition makers for mental battles

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY

DISTINGUISHED writers in AMERICA and in other Catholic magazines have recently commented unfavorably upon the Ph.D. spirit in American education. Their arguments against the tendency to overspecialize have been on the whole irrefutable; their examples sometimes devastatingly ironic; their erudition in the field of academic boredom astonishingly wide and extensively displayed. The point made by most of these writers has been this—the Ph.D. degree is all too frequently attained by laborious unintelligent effort to explain or to prove unimportant, irrelevant or trivial matters. They do not always state, but they suggest quite definitely that educators should abandon their trust in the doctorate and return to the good, old-fashioned habit of selecting teachers for their ability to teach.

It is impossible to disagree with this attitude insofar as it opposes the narrow pedantry of much contemporary study. Even the doctors themselves have frequently rebelled against their unimaginative brethren. Among the rights of the graduate diploma is the right to grouch, to ridicule the infinite detail of the thesis, and to remark the chalk dust on the gowns of the professors. Protest against the nightmare of footnotes, comparison of texts and comprehensive bibliographies is as sacred to the young scholar as the privilege of the business man to view with alarm, or the tradition of the politician to predict with confidence.

The attack upon the Ph.D. should, however, be more precisely qualified. Even so bitter a critic as Dr. Flexner did not deny that some students who spent several years of intellectual apprenticeship under acknowledged masters are frequently better teachers than others who did not have the advantage of that study. In other words, the Ph.D. may be of more than accidental value to men who intend to spend their lives instructing others. This position needs little defense. What does need clarification, however, is the nature of the hostility of some Catholic writers and educators.

The harmful effects of such an attitude are entirely separate from the motives which have formed it. For it is after all just as shortsighted to condemn graduate education because some of its products have reduced the science of psychology to the art of making rat-mazes as it is to condemn under-

graduate education because some of its products are remarkable only for their possession of the varsity letter. It is particularly shortsighted at this time to discourage, however indirectly, the ambitions of the young Catholic scholar, and the reason, to paraphrase Newman, is that the doctorate is the great but ordinary means to a great but ordinary end—the application of sane principles to the chaotic, uncodified mass of particularities which are the sum of human knowledge. The graduate school like Newman's university is not concerned with the exceptional, imaginative writer; it accepts no responsibility for the genius or the poet; it is devoted simply to the extension of knowledge and the formation of judgments, ends justifiable in themselves and in turn useful for the original writer.

Consideration of these ends may result in embarrassment of the critics, for it will be found that they are in many ways identical with the chief educational necessities of the Catholic school. The paradox of Catholic education at the present moment is the fact that it is at the same time the sole conservator of traditional western culture and singularly inarticulate in the expression of that culture in terms acceptable to contemporary thought. The obvious purpose of Catholic scholarship is the extension of traditional culture to contemporary problems. Increase in the amount and in the quality of graduate work is therefore the ordinary means of making the mind of Catholicism clear to the academic, and indirectly, to the whole literate world.

Take the question of social reform. The Catholic philosophy has been fully stated in the two great encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI and in a number of excellent commentaries. There is not as yet a sufficient body of "dry as dust" researches to permit the formulation of a complete program of social action. In the meantime, the principles of the *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno* are being appropriated by well-intentioned but misinformed reformers who have, as one writer put it, succeeded in misleading the American people into believing that the papal program is inflationistic. Similarly, the encyclical on education laid down the basic principles for the training of youth, but the extension of those principles by documented criti-

cism of their opposites awaits the activity of some one who will be called a patient pedant, but whose work will probably be the unacknowledged source of a half-dozen popular surveys. In other words, the Catholic philosophy of life has still to be presented as an empirically certain system, it still has to be applied to the complex economy, politics and ethic of our own day.

How this is to be done without developing scholars who are as well informed as they are well trained, who are scientifically minded and proficient in the technique of research, it is impossible to say. The same gentlemen who have consistently patronized the Ph.D. have been inconsistently deploring the fact that the majority of our textbooks, monographs and standard references do not present the Catholic position adequately. Yet such presentation depends in large part upon men who have had advanced training. In theology and apologetics, where Catholic scholarship is notably rich, the doctorate is virtually universal. In economics and the social sciences, on the other hand, American Catholic scholarship is notably weak, not because there are not enough Ph.D.'s, but because there are not enough men with the discipline of the Ph.D. training. If critics of education insist that Catholics produce adequate interpretations of their own point of view and at the same time encourage the belief that an advanced degree is the academic equivalent of a Kentucky colonelcy, they are talking at cross purposes.

What really is needed is a larger number of Ph.D.'s in all fields. The Catholic schools and colleges need them not merely to satisfy the claims of standardizing agencies but to satisfy the demands of their own students for applied as well as theoretic knowledge. Professional writers need them as badly as farmers need plows and tractors. Belloc had his Lingard, Newman his commentaries on the Fathers, Shakespeare his chronicles and translations. In the new war which the Church will presently wage in this country against prejudice and ignorance the doctors will be the munition makers and the commissariat. Upon them will depend the artists and the orators, journalists and the dilettante defenders of the faith; their industry may provide the materials for a Christian renaissance quite as startling as that which brought back the Latin and the Greek.

There is quackery in every profession. Physicians have their cure-alls, lawyers have their hoop-holes, and the professors have their six methods of feeding children in elementary school. But there are good physicians, honest lawyers and efficient professors. There is hardly a phase of human knowledge which has not been increased by the zeal of the graduate student. The constructive attitude, therefore, is that which encourages the young man to imitate the better rather than that which constantly excoriates the worse in a particular field. Chaucer was literally rescued from oblivion by students of philology, and within the last few years the exacting day labor of Professor Wells won for *Piers Plowman* the audience it had so long deserved. Similar instances of productive scholarship,

such as J. W. Beach's masterly *The Twentieth Century Novel*, are too numerous to mention.

Why may not the candidate for higher degrees follow men like Dr. Wells and Professor Beach in English, Professor Hayes in history, Professor Chinard in French, to name only a few of the many distinguished men who have been real contributors to the art and science of scholarship, rather than certain colleagues of theirs who have "loads of learned lumber in their head." The Catholic graduate school, even today in its infancy, has an especially fine opportunity to benefit by the mistakes of older foundations. This opportunity, it seems to me, should not be jeopardized by blanket indictments which fail to note distinctions of which the most obstinate critic is aware. American colleges certainly do not require either the "ignorantly read" or the specialist who is lost outside his own century, but they do require men and women whose information is in proportion to their keenness and whose theory is not without practical reference.

It is wiser by far to anticipate a future when an ethicist will show that the refusal to pay a living wage is bad business as well as bad morals, when the psychologist will support his thesis on the freedom of the will or the spirituality of the soul by allusion to the evidence of the medical sciences, when the sociologist will offer a pound of illustration for each ounce of theory. For the Ph.D. proposes in his sober fashion nothing more than the detailed illustration of truth, a merging of philosophy with common sense.

At the moment it seems that his degree entitles him only to the whips and scorns of those clever fellows who seem to know so much more than he does and who seem, quite mysteriously, to have absorbed a great deal without half the labor he expended upon that lengthy foot-note in Appendix A.

An anecdote concerning Napoleon may serve to point a moral and to guide the policy of the intellectual aristocracy towards members of the lower order. It is related that at one time when the Emperor Napoleon was walking through the palace garden with one of the more beautiful duchesses of the court, they met a peasant who was grunting, sweating, and staggering under his weary load. The path was narrow, and the peasant showed no sign of stepping aside to permit milady and her little companion to pass. He was, we presume, too bent over to recognize the august deities of the path. "Out of my way, sirrah," said the duchess, or words to that effect, with an accompanying flounce of her skirt and gesture of disdain. She was on the point of sending the caitiff to the salt mines when Napoleon gently pulled her aside and murmured, "Respect the burden, madame."

Perhaps the same generosity would not be amiss in the critic. As the Ph. D. staggers half-blind from the library stacks, flaked with facts, dizzy with the thrill of a new trend discovered, blissfully unaware that his class has met without him, a kindly dean may remonstrate with his irritated head of department and gently murmur: "Respect the foot-note, Professor. The university wins its battles on its dissertations."

CATHOLIC ACTION AMID SIERRA GLACIERS

A pastor brings the retreat to parishioners

EDWARD J. WHELAN, S.J.

LAYMEN making a retreat in the high Sierras at an elevation of 8,100 feet, with mountain peaks rearing their lofty heads above them to the height of 13,000 feet, in full view of America's most southerly glaciers nestled on their granite slopes, is a novel sight indeed. And to give such a retreat is an experience not readily forgotten. Yet, in the last week of September, from Thursday evening to Monday morning, a group of men did that very thing. They all were members of the same parish, and the retreat was held within the confines of their parish; but in territory, that parish covers a greater area perhaps than any other in the nation, 10,000 square miles. It covers as much territory as do the combined Archdioceses of Philadelphia and Chicago. It contains more square miles than the two States—Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

And all this vast territory is in the care of one priest, Msgr. John J. Crowley. He lives at Lone Pine, but ministers to the six or seven towns to be found at great distances. He travels sixty miles between Masses every Sunday; and each month drives more than 4,000 miles in his quest for souls. The country is made up of range on range of mountains, valley and desert, rolling hills and craggy cliffs. Geologically speaking, it is one of the most interesting places in the world. Within the confines of the parish are the highest and lowest spots on the American continent; Mt. Whitney which raises its head above its lofty fellows in the Sierra Nevada, 14,501 feet, and Death Valley, which drops down 300 feet below the level of the sea. One hundred and fifty miles separate the two and some three mountain ranges, over a road precipitous and narrow.

Yet from one place to another does this zealous priest go. Altitudes and climates change very materially in his vast parish; and even in the terrible heat of summer he makes his regular trips to Death Valley, where the caretakers of the hotels are to be attended to. But in winter, Death Valley is a veritable paradise, becoming more and more popular as the roads are improved.

From this vast parish Msgr. Crowley recruited his men for a retreat. It was too far to send them to one of the established retreat houses; so he would bring the retreat house to them, by bringing

in a retreat master. And for accommodations he worked out another plan.

Up in the high Sierras there is a resort called Glacier Lodge; it is at the end of the automobile road, which climbs 4,000 feet in the last eleven miles, making the elevation of the lodge 8,100 feet above sea level. From there, if one would go farther up to the glaciers, he must go by pack animal into the vast and higher country beyond, seemingly endless. And one is surprised at the great numbers who do pack into these craggy recesses beyond, for a real vacation of hunting and fishing and exploring, in mountains that rival the Alps and the Canadian Rockies.

The lodge closes down the last week of September, for it is snowed-in during much of the winter. So arrangements were made for the use of the lodge for Msgr. Crowley's retreatants. Among the men who made the retreat were a lawyer, a dentist, a civil engineer, a mining man, a service-station owner, a power-house operator, a high-school teacher, a highway engineer, a superintendent of W. P. A., an accountant, a banker, a telephone-company manager. No two were from the same walk of life; and though from the same parish, some lived one hundred miles and more from others, and had never met before.

An ideal spot for a retreat it was. One seemed close to God; the stars and the bright moon in that clear and rarified atmosphere seemed much nearer. Heaven was bending down to listen. The constant murmur from the rushing streams that flowed down from the glaciers above, lent music to one's meditation. And in the glade by the stream the men walked two by two and recited the Rosary. A deer would dart across one's path in his wanderings. Fresh trout from the stream added relish to one's meals. A practical chapel was set up in one of the large rooms of the lodge; and our Eucharistic King ruled on the eastern slopes of the high Sierras.

This was the first retreat those men had ever made. It would have been impossible for them to have gone elsewhere. The ingenuity of a zealous pastor made it possible for his men to make a closed retreat; for he realizes what a retreat means to their lives. They were the key men from that vast territory, now organized for Catholic action.

THE TIME NOBODY KNOWS

Yet people continue wondering about it

JOHN A. TOOMEY S.J.

PICTURE New York City minus its Jews, or rather with all its Jewish inhabitants transformed into Catholics. A New York in which Yom Kippur and Kosher butchers have long since passed into desuetude and where the Jewish New Year is but a distant memory. Envision the Catholic churches of the metropolis packed with Jews on the great feasts, on Holy Thursday, Good Friday, Christmas; Jews adoring their Hidden Brother in the monsternace; gazing reverently around the crib at the little Jewish Child and breathing a prayer to the sweet-faced Jewess, His Mother. Hear a tiny Jewish boy whispering to his father by the crib: "Papa, was the Infant Jesus a little Jewish boy like me?" "Yes, Moe, and His mother was too. All the first Catholics were Jews, Moe." Imagine a Catholic Directory containing the names of His Eminence, Abraham Cardinal Moscovitz, Monsignor Jacob Rosenblatt, Rt. Rev. Isaac Goldberg, D.D.

Viewing such a picture as anything but fantasy appears to place too heavy a strain upon credulity, and yet the picture is, in substance, going to come true. There may not be any New York around when it does, but that will not hinder the great mass conversion of Israel. Somewhere between now and the end of time the Jews of the world are going to accept the Christ they once rejected, and enter the Catholic Church.

The exact date of this occurrence and of the end of the world is, we blush to admit, unknown to us. Alarming phenomena, such as the violent persecutions of religion which seem to be exploding everywhere in the modern scene, disturb many people, cause them to cast suspicious eyes at the prophecies concerning the latter days of man on earth and to send requests into us for information on these prophecies.

Ever ready to improve its service, AMERICA would like to institute for the convenience of its readers a department to forecast the social weather of the latter days. A column of that character would exert a stimulating influence on circulation. Millions of people could budget their time better if they knew just how much more they had, and would buy AMERICA to find out. Unfortunately, there are difficulties in the way. The members of the staff do not seem to know just when the world

is going to end. They also do not appear to know anything about the dates on which the various prophecies will be fulfilled.

In this humiliating situation, it was felt the more honorable thing would be to come out frankly and admit our ignorance even at the risk of a loss of prestige. We confess, then, in answer to various questions addressed to us, that we do not know the year or years in which great masses will apostatize from the Faith. We do not know when the Antichrist will appear. We have no data in our files concerning the time of the conversion of the Jews. We do not know the day or the hour in which the world will be blown to bits. To forestall the rash judgment that we do not seem to know anything, it might be well to add this: we do happen to know that between the month of October, 1936 and the final destruction of our little globe the phenomena enumerated above will occur in due order, and we know this with the certainty of Divine revelation.

Somewhere in the years ahead, on a certain day or night, a little baby will be born, probably of non-Catholics. If anyone could ascertain now the date of that boy's birth, he would have a better idea than we have of what century will witness the end. The little boy will no doubt appear to be like other children. He will play with the offspring of neighbors; perhaps some of his playmates will be little Catholics. But that little boy will bear very close watching. For inspired writers have been warning mankind about him for thousands of years. He is no other than the Antichrist, "the man of sin . . . the son of perdition who opposeth and is lifted up above all that is called God or that is worshipped, so that he sitteth in the temple of God shewing himself as if he were God."

As this individual emerges from adolescence and commences his path through the years of manhood, the world will begin to hear of him. One may attempt to visualize the first tiny notices in the newspapers of the day. He will be on the inside pages for a time; his photograph will appear; his face will gradually become a bit more familiar; then little by little, he will leap out into the front pages. The headlines on him will grow bigger and blacker. His every move will be news. His voice will be on the air calumniating the Pope and the Faithful of the

period. His image will flash before the nations in television. Great political power will be his, probably as supreme head of some nation or group of nations, and his influence will be world-wide in extent. On the streets, in the homes, teeming millions will discuss him with bated breath; vast throngs will worship him. He will call himself the Anointed One, and through the prodigies he performs deceive many Jews into believing he is their long-awaited Messiah. His depravity will attain unbelievable depths. He will literally burn with a flaming hatred of Christ. In the long series of persecutions launched against the Catholic Church, his will be the last and the worst.

A huge apostasy from Christianity is put down as another of the signs of the latter days. The first phase of this defection will set in as a general drift away from Christ before the advent of the Antichrist. Atheism, pseudo-scientific materialism, and a host of poisonous philosophies, like an early morning barrage, will batter away at Christianity, until the zero hour arrives for the Antichrist to set off the last major offensive against the Church. The second phase of the apostasy will then begin, and the trend away from the Saviour will be accelerated and expanded by the Antichrist.

Anything worse than some of the savage persecutions the Church has already suffered is difficult to conceive. And yet, there are reasons to believe that the fury and horror of this final onslaught will exceed anything in history. With such concentrated power will this blow be delivered, that the Church may be forced to cease her public worship and to take refuge in new catacombs. A situation somewhat similar to that obtaining today in Mexico and Russia may very likely spread out over the world, and the scenes witnessed now in those unhappy lands be duplicated everywhere, with magnificent churches converted into barracks or museums. And the Mass may be said in underground chambers, under cover of the greatest secrecy, while the harassed Faithful huddle at the risk of their lives around the improvised altar. There will be no nominal Catholics in those days.

The campaign of misrepresentation recently waged against the Church in Germany by the Nazi newspapers furnish us with some notion of what the press will be like during the final persecution. Some conception of the trials of the Faithful in those days may be formed by consideration of the agonies endured by Catholics under the murderous tyrannies set up in Mexico and Russia, or from the treatment accorded nuns and priests by the Spanish Reds. Christ's little flock will shudder under the combined blows of earth and hell, but with the spirit of the Alcázar they will never surrender. The Church will survive this last and most formidable assault as she has survived all others in her long history. It will be the final demonstration of the fact that no power on earth and no power in hell can destroy the Catholic Church.

If anyone chooses to suspect that the pitiless persecutions raging today in such widely separated spots as Russia and Germany and Mexico are the first faint rumblings of the thunder of the latter

days; or that the wave of irreligion now breaking all over the world is the incipient phase of that colossal apostasy from Christianity foretold for that time, we know of no law prohibiting such a suspicion. There are certain phenomena visible today which may or may not be significant. For the first time in human history, a Government exists which is defiantly anti-God. For the first time since the destruction of Jerusalem, Jews are returning in numbers to Palestine. That a widespread trend away from Christ and His teachings is in operation all about us admits of no denial. Modern society is shot through and through with the negation of Christ and His teaching. Divorce, birth control, sterilization, materialistic slants on life, worship of the State, indifference to God and His supreme jurisdiction; these things are on the increase. Christ does not mean much to the modern world and He seems to be meaning less and less with each passing year. We may be witnessing the initial stage of the final apostasy, or we may be watching only a temporary drift away from Christ, which will be halted and succeeded by a Christian revival long years before the end. God knows which it is. Nobody else does. If anyone were to seek our advice with regard to betting on the early conversion of the Jews, our counsel would be not to bet, to hold off for a few more centuries.

Even after the conversion of the Jews, even after the death of the Antichrist, anything like definiteness in computation of the time remaining will be impossible, for the simple reason that the prophecies which to some extent draw the veil from the future were never meant to be time tables. Christ has indicated the various signs which will precede the consummation of the world, and has said: . . . "when you shall see all these things, know ye that it is nigh, even at the doors." The imminent advent of the Son of God can be known with certainty only when all the predictions have been verified. Verification of anything less leaves one still in the dark.

Two extraordinary witnesses, Elias and Henoch, will appear during the last fierce struggle of the Church. In some outstanding manner they will give testimony to the truth. They will eventually be killed by the Antichrist. Although prodigious signs in the heavens will announce the end, they will very likely occur on the day of Judgment itself, and the end of the world will take men completely by surprise. The very day before the Judgment, men and women will be going about their work and their pleasures in fancied security, utterly oblivious of the fact that within a few hours the whole world will be destroyed. At a given hour, already determined by God, a great voice will boom over the entire earth. Out of the theaters, out of the night clubs, out of the villages and cities, the terror-stricken millions will be assembled. Up from the depths of the sea; up from the multitudinous graves, the dead will arise. The whole human race from Adam on will be marshaled for the Judgment. Jesus Christ, in great majesty and power, will be visible in the heavens. We shall all be there and we shall know then the exact day and year and century. There is no other way of learning these dates.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

THE PILGRIM AND THE PURITAN

THE Pilgrim is away this week and has left the staff to do his scrip for him. Where the Pilgrim is exactly at the moment, we do not know. Somewhere in the West, the northern part of South Dakota, or southern part of North Dakota, attending conventions and things. The Pilgrim is a great convention attender. "If you really go with the intention of liking them," remarked the Pilgrim in one of his more sparkling moments, "you really can become interested and learn a lot." Some other members of our staff have been known to get *receptions* in distant cities. The Pilgrim always gets a *convention*.

Well, who are we if we are not the Pilgrim? We remember a controversy in AMERICA some years ago in which Dr. James J. Walsh said that a Pilgrim and a Puritan were one and the same thing. Many disagreed with him. At any rate, it serves our purposes nicely this week to be known as the Puritan, and to make comment with horror.

If you were a Puritan, as we are for the space of two columns, what would you say of the following news item which has arrived from Buenos Aires? How could you possibly excuse the Irish-Argentines for desecrating the Sabbath with the following mixture of faith, fun, food, and field events? "The Committee of the Hurling Federation have much pleasure in inviting you to the celebration which will take place on Sunday, October 4th, on the grounds of the Federation in accordance with the following programme: 10.00 Field Mass—Mons. James M. Ussher. 10.30 Sermon—Fr. William Furlong, S. J. 11.15 Address—Sr. Eufrazio Costa. 12.30 Banquet. 15.30 Exhibition Hurling Match. 17.00 Five-o'clock Tea and Social Entertainments. The celebration is organized in commemoration of the second anniversary of the XXXII International Eucharistic Congress . . . as the greatest demonstration of Catholic faith ever witnessed in Argentina."

There is worse news from Brisbane, Australia. At the Mater Misericordiae Ball in Brisbane, twenty four debutantes were presented with all their debutantish trimmings, not to the King of England, but to two Archbishops, their Excellencies Duhig of Brisbane and Killian of Adelaide, D. D.'s both, attended by other priests and two Monsignors. "It was a well-dressed throng," remarked the *Catholic Leader* of Brisbane, "beautifully gowned women and immaculately clad gentlemen. But the outstanding feature was the dainty picture presented by 24 debutantes as they, one by one, made their curtsies to Archbishop Duhig." His Excellency paid gracious compliments to the young ladies, rejoiced that "they had begun their social life in the midst

of their friends, under the eyes of their parents, brothers and sisters" and then presented them with an enormous debutante cake, baked by the Sisters of Mercy at All Hallows Convent, inscribed with "A Joyous Future" in white icing against a pink background by the convent's champion white-icer, and covered with pretty vanities by the sister in charge of the sanctuary decorations.

Returning to our own country we arrive at the horror of horrors in the interview given to Sally MacDougall, the New York *World-Telegram's* newshawk, by Sister M. Madeleva "the poised, handsome, amiable president of St. Mary's College at Notre Dame, Ind." Miss MacDougall found Sister Madeleva emphatic in her admiration for college-age girls of today, full of praise for their definiteness and the way they go ahead and plan for careers, and convinced that it is silly for teachers and parents to be shocked because a girl likes to smoke. "A few years ago," said Sister Madeleva, "when smoking was not permitted, we used to have queues of girls going down the alley to smoke their cigarettes and become the laughing-stock of the workmen. I couldn't see any virtue or dignity in that situation and I knew we were not improving the social standing of the girls by making it necessary."

"So," she continued, "I took up the smoke problem with my discipline committee, sent out a questionnaire to the parents and then spent \$2000 furnishing a very nice room where the girls could have their cigarettes. And I went out and bought the humidors."

At this point in the recorded interview the Puritan gets a funny Nathaniel Hawthorne feeling in the pit of his stomach. Visions of suffocated girls arise before his eyes, their fingers browned, their pretty dresses splashed with ashes, their complexions sallow with the sickly stench of a smoking-car, their nerves jaded and appetites ruined, while they puff and crunch, puff and crunch, and endeavor to emerge, after the smoke of battle has cleared, with the delicacy and fragrance of a lady.

"Anyway," continues Sister Madeleva, "the taboo against smoking was a Puritan objection, never a Catholic one. There was a decree against smoking during Mass in the seventeenth century, not because it was immoral but because it distracted attention from the Mass."

The Puritan now sees the inconsistency of his Puritanism. It is not morality alone that makes a lady. It is something along with morality. By giving that extra something a moral significance he has lost hold on another thing he once loved in a lady, and always wanted to keep. I hope he will not be blamed too much for having wanted to keep it, nor be scoffed at now that it has "gone with the wind."

THE PURITAN

APPROXIMATELY 10,000 Catholic parishes in the United States are without a school. This means, as Bishop O'Hara pointed out at the recent Catechetical Congress, that we have 10,000 groups of Catholic children who are deprived of the opportunity to obtain a Catholic education. Too long have we flattered ourselves with the thought that the religious education of our children was a happy fact. But it is not a fact, since half of our children, and perhaps more, are in schools from which the teaching of religion is excluded.

Properly, then, the Congress stressed our duty to provide some training for these children.

Yet we may also examine with profit the teaching of religion in our own schools. The Church does not found schools merely to compete with the State. Young men and women do not enter the various teaching Orders to lead a life parallel to that of a teachers' college graduate. Our people do not contribute nearly \$100,000,000 annually for the support of our schools, simply as a protest against State control of education. The Church, our teachers, and our people expect from the Catholic school what no other school can give. When our schools, from the kindergarten to the university, fail to make the teaching of religion their chief concern, they frustrate the purpose of the Church in approving them, and have no real reason for their existence. Our young people who devote themselves to teaching, and our people who support Catholic education, have been betrayed.

The Archbishop of Cincinnati paid a well-merited tribute of praise at the Congress to our Sisters in the parish schools. For nearly a century these unsung heroines have been toiling in the class room, and it is due to them that we have some 22,000,000 Catholics in the United States instead of half that number. No doubt the methods of teaching in the elementary schools can be improved, and we have no doubt that they will be. On the whole, the parish school does its work well. But there is reason to fear that not all our secondary schools and colleges give the teaching of religion the time and care which its supreme importance demands. Yet unless these higher institutions are Catholic in their teachers and in their courses of study, Catholic in method and purpose, Catholic in heart and soul, they have no claim on Catholic allegiance that cannot be urged by Harvard or Yale.

When crowded programs are demanded by standardizing bodies, the claims of religion are apt to suffer. Yet, as Pius XI has written, the very soul of the Catholic school should be religion, and in pursuance of that principle nothing can be admitted that could possibly de-Catholicize our institutions of higher learning. Surely, there is something wrong with the Catholic college which lacks a department of religion, or which fails to staff this department with competent teachers, devoted to their work, and able to enlist the interest of the students. Here is a theme on which we may well examine our consciences with a searching eye.

YOUTHFUL CRIME

SPEAKING at a social science meeting a former New York police commissioner pleaded for more education as a deterrent of youthful crime. But what kind of education? In the report at hand no form is specified, but no country in the world can compare with the United States in the number of schools, and in the cost of maintaining them. In spite of these institutions, our crime record continues to grow. We do not need more schools, but better schools, schools in which religion is considered at least as necessary for good citizenship as reading and writing. When shall we get them?

OUR CHURCHES IN T

SIGNIFICANT was the report presented by Dr. E. C. Cameron, of Butler University, at the annual meeting of the Disciples of Christ held in Kansas City last week. This denomination has a membership of 1,377,595, according to the Federal Religion Census of 1926, and ranks seventh among religious bodies in the United States. It is strongest in the South and the Middle West, and in the period between 1906 and 1926 membership showed a steady increase. In the last decade, however, it appears to have lost ground, and according to Dr. Cameron, the number of its congregations has decreased from 11,907 to 9,040. The heaviest losses have been sustained in the rural districts.

In the account carried by the press, Dr. Cameron is quoted as saying that "a thousand country congregations disintegrate every decade." If these figures refer to the Disciples of Christ, they indicate that this religious body is rapidly drawing to its close. It would seem, however, that the statistics are meant to cover all religious bodies in the country, and in that case, they would seem too small. But Dr. Cameron's contention that the churches in the rural districts are dying, some more slowly than others, appears to be fairly well substantiated.

Into the causes of this disintegration, as far as it affects the non-Catholic groups, we need not inquire. We note the fact and regret it, for, as we have observed on various occasions, no Catholic can look upon the replacement of the old-fashioned Protestant by men and women who are indifferent or actually hostile to all re-

YOUR VOTE

ABOUT 2,900,000 voters registered in New York in the second week of October. This registration is easily the largest ever recorded in the metropolis, and reports indicate that everywhere the citizen is preparing to go to the polls on November 3. This is an encouraging sign, for when the upright citizen fails to interest himself in government he weakens good government. Yet what counts is not votes, but conscientious and intelligent votes. Parties are nothing, and men are not important, except to the extent that they can and will promote the common good.

IES IN THE COUNTRY

ligion, with feelings of satisfaction. But it would be interesting to know, and the knowledge would be exceedingly profitable, whether this decay is likewise attacking the Catholic Church in the rural districts. The pages of the well-edited *Catholic Directory* throw little light on the question. It is well known, of course, that certain particular rural districts which once were Catholic now number few Catholics, and we have a few studies based upon this fact. But no investigation has been made, as far as we know, which would justify us in arriving at a general conclusion. In some cases, the Catholic church has been closed for the simple reason that most of the Catholic population emigrated to another part of the country. But the lack of a resident pastor and of a school seems to be the most common reason why the Catholic flock dwindles.

It is encouraging to note, however, that much interest in the needs of Catholics in the rural districts has been manifested in recent years. Living, as most of them do, in neighborhoods that are overwhelmingly non-Catholic, they are exposed to dangers which their brethren in the cities never meet. At the same time, they lack the many advantages, and particularly the opportunity to give their children a Catholic education, which are the urban Catholics for the asking. Some, undoubtedly, fall away, particularly as a result of "mixed" marriages or of marriages banned by the Church. But, in view of their spiritual deprivations, it is remarkable that the leakage is not greater.

FREE SPEECH

DURING the present campaign, local resentment against Communism has expressed itself in various forms, not all of them, in our opinion, judicious. Earl Browder, candidate for President on the Communist ticket, was jailed as a vagrant when he appeared to address the citizens of Terre Haute. In an Arkansas county, a court injunction was granted against two Communists on the ground that what they intended to say would probably disturb the public peace.

Even admitting that a breach of the public peace was intended by these Communists, it seems to us that a better means of dealing with disorderly conduct, not actual but prospective, could be found, than a breach of the right of free speech by public officials. Arkansas and Indiana have adopted the precise method of Soviet Russia, except that in Russia no political tickets and no speakers are allowed, and the death penalty follows any attempt to establish political freedom.

With us, the right of the citizen to express his opinions freely either in writing or in speech is guaranteed by the Federal Constitution, and by the Constitution of every State. It is a right that is precious, and it must be defended vigorously. Any encroachment by bureaucrats spells danger. At the same time, like every right, it connotes duties. Hence, while the citizen may not be punished for exercising either this Constitutional right, or any other, he may be punished if in using it, he neglects or violates any duty.

It must be remembered, however, that under our ideals of justice, the courts do not review a man's intentions or ideals, but only the overt acts which give them expression. For the first, he cannot be punished. The citizen may think that bullets alone will reform our political evils, and that ballots are futile; but as long as he confines his operations to thinking, the civil authority cannot touch him. Only when by speech or the printed word he incites others to take up arms against the Government can the courts take cognizance of his activities.

Hence any policy of suppressing speakers, even Communists, on the ground that they may offend, is highly dangerous, not to the Communists, who make capital of it, but to all of us. A violation of a Constitutional right by an individual is bad, but a violation of that same right by public officials is infinitely worse, since it sets up a precedent that can be used against any citizen whose ideals and policies may happen to be at variance with those of the Government. Communists cannot be forbidden to speak or to write, but they can be punished, as often as they abuse the right, by the due process of law.

We vindicate this right of free speech for ourselves, and we cannot deny it to others without cutting the ground from under our feet. It is merely a retort, not an answer, to reply that as a political philosophy, Communism bans free speech. We are not living under a Communistic regime, but under a constitutional form of government, and we are

ruled by law, not by men. The adoption of Communistic methods of suppressing Communists is a furtive admission that, after all, the Communists, at least in this respect, are right.

To understand what these gradual encroachments upon a fundamental right may mean, we have only to look to Germany. Although under the Concordat with the Holy See the right to publish Papal and episcopal documents is expressly guaranteed, the ink was hardly dry on the treaty when the Government began to impose restrictions. In a Pastoral Letter, issued on October 12, the Bishop of Berlin protests that while the press is permitted to publish almost any calumny against the Catholic Church, the Government forbids the publication of Papal Encyclicals and of articles which defend the Church, and make her position clear. The Bishop's own diocesan paper was seized and suppressed for printing the Holy Father's address on Communism in Spain, and when the Bishop prepared an edition of 120,000 pamphlets containing the address, these were confiscated. Practically speaking, free speech has been abolished by the Hitler Government in Germany.

In the United States the danger is not so much from the suppression of free speech as from the unfortunate circumstance that the frequent abuse of this right by Communists and others, incites some public officials to acts which substantially deny the existence of the right. We must assert the right, and Communists must be suffered to exercise it unmolested, until they abuse it. At that point, let the due process of law be invoked. When Communism, with its destruction of every human right, threatens to wipe out our natural and constitutional liberties, we must fight it with something more effective than hysteria.

SLUMS AND WASHINGTON

SHOCKED at the prevalence of slums in the United States, Dr. Margaret Miller, described as "an expert on housing in England," gave vent to her feelings in an address some weeks ago in New York. It seems to us that we recall in London and in Liverpool slums equal to any we have observed in this country. But Dr. Miller knows these better than we do, and if in spite of this knowledge she can write of "the horrors and degradation of American slums," conditions must be very bad in most of our cities, and even in some small communities.

Since the majority of these slums could be removed by any municipality in which they are found, we may once more inquire whether we really have any decent city government in this country. The Federal Government has interested itself, of late, in the slum problem, but not, it must be admitted, with notable success. Whatever the Federal Government undertakes in this respect will certainly be costly. Whether, after its expenditures of millions, it will succeed in rearing homes in which persons of moderate, and of less than moderate, incomes can live, is still an interesting question for speculation.

One thing however, which the Federal Government could do, it steadfastly refuses to do. Washington is not a city of slums, but it is a city in which the cost of living is very high, chiefly because of exorbitant rents. It is waste of time for uplifters in Congress to point out that the greed of real estate operators blocks their plans to rid the cities of slums, as long as they do nothing to beat down the greed of real-estate operators in Washington. Washington is directly governed by Congress, and Congress has a responsibility for rentals in Washington which it does not have with regard to rentals in any other city.

It has been said that the refusal of Congress to improve housing conditions in Washington is largely due to a member of the House whose Southern constituents recently retired him from public life. Perhaps the next Congress will find it possible to give us in Washington a model city government. Congress can then speak with some assurance on the failure of American cities in general to provide good housing conditions.

CHRIST THE KING

WHEN the mob cried out, "We have no king but Caesar," it did not register an affirmation of submission to the civil authority. At that very moment, it was in a mood of hatred, and of rebellion against authority.

The mob which sought to put Our Lord to death may well typify the world today. Christ has been rejected, but everywhere we find the same signs of rebellion against duly constituted authority. When God and His Christ are put out of the world, and of the hearts of men, there can be no lasting peace. Men may simulate peace to further their ends, and use it as a convenient means, but they have no love for it in their hearts.

No doubt one of the purposes of creating the Feast of Christ the King, which we celebrate tomorrow, was to renew in every Christian heart the conviction that the world's greatest need is loyalty to Jesus Christ. "If society is to be healed now," wrote Leo XIII more than forty years ago, "in no other way can it be healed save by a return to Christian life and to Christian institutions." The many labor conflicts which have taken place since that time, the economic depression which for years has brought misery to millions, the great World War, an outgrowth of lust for wealth and power, lend a wealth of melancholy proof to the Pontiff's assertion.

Christ reigns over all the world, but He has many rebellious subjects. As loyal followers of Christ the King, it is our duty to aid Him in winning over these unhappy subjects, first of all, by accepting Him as King over our hearts and all we have, with no reserves. The world will never be brought back to Him by mass movements, but only by the power of His grace with which the individual willingly co-operates. By making ourselves better soldiers in His service, we can hasten the day when all the world will gladly salute Christ the King.

CHRONICLE

THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES. President Roosevelt and Mr. Landon continued to swing about the circle, and last week witnessed a number of political speeches from both candidates in the Middle West. No statement calculated to startle the Republic has been made by either, and the speeches have not differed greatly in content or tone from those which marked the opening of the campaign. In any case, statements calculated to startle or disturb an opponent are commonly reserved, and broadcast only in the last few days before the election. Disdaining the comparative comfort of a "front-porch campaign" favored by some of his predecessors, President Roosevelt fought a vigorous battle on the hustings in the week which has just closed. A tremendous increase in the number of registered voters in every part of the country probably indicates that this campaign has stirred the interest of the public to an unusual degree. Whether this increase means a "protest vote" against the President, or a determination to support his policies vigorously, is a question that cannot be answered until November 4.

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LABOR AND INDUSTRY. On October 15, the rift in organized labor appeared to be growing. The "peace terms" submitted by President Green, of the American Federation of Labor, were rejected by John L. Lewis, chairman of the Committee for Industrial Organization. Some months ago, all members of the Committee were suspended by the Federation, and Mr. Lewis insists that this ban, which deprives him and his followers of a vote at the coming convention of the Federation, must be lifted before any terms can be considered. "The C.I.O. will withhold further action on the whole proposition," said Mr. Lewis, "pending clarification of this point by the executive council of the Federation." On the same day, Philip Murray, vice president of the United Mine Workers, allied with the C.I.O., called on all workers to vote for Mr. Roosevelt, and Mr. Lewis announced his intention to make five campaign speeches for the Democratic Party.

On October 14, Henry Ford, in an extended statement, announced his support of the candidacy of Mr. Landon. Mr. Ford severely criticized the Administration's attitude toward the worker, and in particular, the Social Security Act which he denounced as a series of "impossible promises." Although professing no hostility to "the New Deal" Mr. Ford said that "we have had about all the country can stand. Its intentions may have been good, but its performance was very poor."

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THE CHURCH AND THE CAMPAIGN. In an address at Washington, the Rev. Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., expressed his hope that "the American public will

not conclude that the Catholic Church has taken a definite political stand in the controversy between the two major parties." Indirectly referring to an address by the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin which was answered by the Rt. Rev. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University, Father Walsh remarked that "two clerical voices do not represent the 31,108 Catholic priests in the United States among whom you will, doubtless, find as much diversity of opinion as exists in a similar number of educated minds in allied professional circles." The Catholic Church, he added, "has no dogma on the tariff, on monetary systems, or on the villainies of Republican or Democratic Administrations." But with regard to the dangers connected with the growth of Communism in this country, "the Church has taken a definite and uncompromising stand." Certain "prominent Catholics" who believe and assert that these dangers are small or remote, said Father Walsh, have failed to acquaint themselves with all the facts of the matter.

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GOLD DEAL. In an effort to reduce fluctuations of the leading international currencies, an agreement between the United States, Great Britain and France for the purchase and sale of gold through stabilization funds of the three countries was arranged. The plan would militate against control of the foreign exchange market by private speculators, officials declared.

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SCHUSCHNIGG IN CONTROL. Austrian Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg dissolved the Heimwehr and concentrated all governmental power into his own hands. Prince Ernst von Starhemberg, dropped last May from the post of Vice Chancellor by Schuschnigg, offered no open opposition to the dissolution of the Heimwehr, retired to one of his thirteen Austrian castles.

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THE SPANISH SITUATION. The drive on Madrid, announced by General Francisco Franco, Generalissimo of the Nationalist armies, began with a simultaneous attack on three towns considered to be key positions in the Madrid defense. In close order, dispatches from Salamanca, the new Nationalist headquarters, and later admitted by Madrid, reported the capture of Navalperal on the Northwest sector, and St. Martin de Valdeiglesias and Navalcarnero on the West front. This move effected a junction of Franco's forces in the South with General Mola's in the North. These successes were followed in close succession by the fall of Robledo near El Escorial, which threatened the important position of the Government at Leon Pass, the last strong

defense north of Madrid. Fierce fighting in this section failed to dislodge the Government troops. At the same time on the West front the Nationalists advanced to the Alberche River and captured Cebros and El Tiemblo on the east and west banks of the river, where are located the generators that supply about one-third of Madrid's electric power. Meanwhile the main division of General Franco's army proceeded along the north bank of the Tagus River and furious fighting was reported at Castillejos, south of Aranjuez, on the Madrid-Alicante railroad. Advices from Madrid announced that the attack had been repulsed. The Government still held the important posts at Olias del Rey and Bargas, and claimed that the Nationalists had been pushed back to their positions in the vicinity of Toledo. The review of the week shows an ever-tightening arc of Nationalist forces surrounding the Capital from Sigüenza on the Northeast to slightly beyond Toledo almost due South.

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MOSCOW IN LONDON. The Soviet bombshell thrown in the lap of the committee for non-intervention in Spain, now sitting in London, denouncing Portugal, Italy, and Germany with violation of the agreement, was met with the counter-fusillade of "camouflage" from an indignant German and Italian press. Russia returned to the attack by demanding that immediate control over Portuguese ports be entrusted to the British and French navies.

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GERMAN BISHOPS PROTEST. Count von Preysing, Catholic Bishop of Berlin, assailed Nazi suppression of Episcopal and Papal documents and the misrepresentation of Catholic teaching by the press. The German Catholic Bishops issued a pastoral dealing with recent trials of members of a monastery at Waldbreitbach, which, the pastoral pointed out, is not a part of the Franciscan Order but a laymen's brotherhood. Only one priest appeared in court, the other defendants being laymen, the document stated. The Nazi party press used the trials as an excuse for an exaggerated and slanderous attack on the Catholic Church, the letter declared. Nazis continued their policy of driving nuns from the classrooms.

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SINO-JAPANESE RELATIONS. General Chiang Kai-shek arrived at Nanking October 5, coincident with the arrival of Kazuo Kawajima as special envoy from Japan's foreign office. The General was silent, but the Japanese envoy said that what Japan wanted was not platitudes but action, and called for not promises of friendship by Chiang but policies converted into action. Countering a Shanghai dispatch to the *New York Times* and a recent editorial utterance in the same paper, the Tokyo Foreign Office denied flatly Japan's demand for Japanese troops equalling the Chinese in Nanking's anti-Communist armies and a similar demand in Outer Mongolia and Russian frontiers. It also pointed out exaggerations among the 200 foreign advisers. A

denial was also made as to Japanese wishes in Northern China. Japan's actual demands were couched in an ambiguous statement: an acknowledgement of North China's special position in relation to the security of Manchukuo. North China, according to Tokyo, has proven a breeding place of intrigues against Manchukuo. On the economic side Japan proposed cooperative development of North China's resources; reduction of tariffs was also sought. Japan seemed willing to modify its demands provided what the army wants in North China was met. No word was forthcoming as to what the Japanese navy might demand in South China. The tendency of a more conciliatory spirit was manifest.

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IRISH BISHOPS DECRY REDS. At its first meeting since the Spanish conflict, the Irish Catholic hierarchy issued a pronouncement on the Spanish situation. It assailed the acts of an "infamous minority under foreign direction." Spain was asserted to be fighting the battle of Christendom against the subversive powers of Communism. A special collection for Spanish Catholics and special prayers were ordered for Sunday, October 25. Previously Cardinal MacRory had attacked the action of the Republican Congress for expressing sympathy with the Reds. The Irish Christian Front is rapidly increasing in numbers. It has two objects: the first is, to aid General Franco's followers with medical supplies for the Nationalist army, and the second, to combat Communism in Ireland.

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BRITAIN AND JAPAN. Japanese activity in the Yangtze Valley of China has been causing British business men no small concern. As a result it was indicated that Britain, though not invoking the Nine-Power Treaty to protect Chinese territorial integrity, a step inconsistent with her Far Eastern policy, had, nevertheless, made polite representations to Tokyo over the growing encroachment of Japanese around Shanghai. Such moves have been made by Britain various times since 1931, and although they apparently have had no effect on the Japanese the Foreign Office, authorities believe that they express a necessary show of vigilance. Great Britain sounded the United States and Japan on a removal of the article of the Washington Naval Limitation Treaty which provides against increased fortifications and new naval bases in the Pacific. In an annual conference at Edinburgh the British Labor Party voted three to one in favor of their country's rearming to meet the threatening attitude of dictatorships. Fascist-Communist riots were staged.

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BELGIAN NEUTRALITY. At a Cabinet council, King Leopold announced that Belgium had discontinued her military alliances and that her attitude in future would be along the lines of pre-war neutrality. Abandonment of the Franco-Belgium military alliance, of collective security pacts, were included in the new Belgian policy, it was said.

CORRESPONDENCE

CRITICS

EDITOR: The thwacking which Benedict Fitzpatrick administers to modern book critics in your issue of September 19 is deserved. The superficiality of most present day reviewers is exceeded only by the tendency of some of them to air their personal economic opinions and prejudices and expose their private social beliefs and affiliations. Preoccupation with prose style is the lesser shortcoming.

While, furthermore, it is undeniable that good English is no more than a medium, you cannot have a work of art without it. Mr. Fitzpatrick berates the enthusiasts for the garment instead of the idea it clothes. He overlooks another school of side-tracked critics who pin "genius" on writers, admittedly with something to say, who are dull, colorless, heavy, and on occasions not even grammatically correct.

I, for one, am unwilling to be forced to remove poorly-fashioned, ill-fitting vestures of language to arrive at thoughts to be pondered, emotions to be experienced. One reason for Catholic literature's comparatively inferior status, until recently, was its failure too often to recognize the importance of expression. Chesterton, Benson, Belloc, and Martindale, would not enjoy their prestige without the highly individualized styles which characterize their literary masterpieces.

The critic's function, undoubtedly, is to weigh and estimate what is written, but how it is presented must likewise concern him. Because matter is more important, manner cannot be overlooked.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

H. J. A. McNAMARA.

NO PORK BARREL

EDITOR: The article in which Mr. Hillenbrand exposed the need for a Catholic party in this country may cause two reactions, neither of which, I think, will be correct. The first reaction will be felt by those of our religious brethren who estimate Catholic social influence in terms of those practising Catholics who have managed to draw well-filled fists out of the pork-barrel of our corrupt spoils-system. There will be enthusiasm felt among them in the contemplation of a Catholic party as a channel to spread the spoils-racket to every Catholic in the country.

The opposite reaction, also incorrect, is the feeling of those Catholics who read the article with a mental eye cocked on the first group. To their eyes, a Catholic party would mean cloaking with a sacred name and organizing on a national scale the injustices of Catholic politicians and of those privileged Catholics who back the politicians in order to defend their own dishonest status.

But I submit that both these reactions are erroneous because they identify the notion of a Catholic party with the specious thing we call "Catholics in politics." Now counterfeit-money does not sour us on money. It simply makes us more careful to get the real thing. So our experience of counterfeit-Catholics in politics should make us all the more anxious to inject the spirit of real Catholicism into our Government.

We may take it as axiomatic that Catholic social doctrine must be injected into our political organism, and that from *the inside*, if it is ever going to be cured. Now, who will inject this Catholic doctrine into the public life of the United States? Certainly not Catholics working individually. The present regime of spoils-politics is so gigantic that the individual Catholic will not escape the maw of the immoral system. The sole solution then, lies in a political group of men with pure and sincere Catholic ideals, who will be strong enough in spirit to buck the system and keep afloat, until strength assimilated makes their influence felt; in other words, a Catholic Party.

Baltimore, Md.

MARTIN SEBASTIAN.

MADRID AMBASSADOR

EDITOR: Father Patterson's letter on Frère Blum reminds me of a debate on education in the Spanish Cortes three years ago, and it is of some interest at present because Señor Fernando de los Rios has arrived in the country as Ambassador.

Señor de los Rios comes of a good Catholic family. His mother is noted for her piety. On the Feast of the Sacred Heart in 1933, when I was in Madrid, she decorated her house there for the procession which, however, was forbidden by the Azaña government. A few months before, his sister died, it was said, in the odor of sanctity. A law of the "Republican" government had forbidden Christian burial except the person had requested it in writing over his or her signature; and this had to be countersigned by a public official. Señorita de los Rios had complied with these requirements. Fernando was then Minister of Education; and Madrid witnessed the paradox of the Government *in pleno* assisting at a Christian burial—an act of courtesy, of course, but against "Republican" principles.

Before the anti-religious laws were passed there were three Spanish schools in Tangier. Two of them belonged to Religious Communities, one to a layman in which, however, religious instruction was part of the curriculum. In the debate of the budget it was revealed that the small appropriation which these schools had been receiving in the interests of Spanish culture in that international "zone" had been withdrawn (practically the whole white popu-

lation at Tangier is Spanish), while there was an appropriation included for two Jewish schools. It was also revealed that in both of these schools the medium of instruction in all branches was *French*, and that one of them was a seminary for the education of Rabbis. Minister-of-Education de los Rios acknowledged the facts to be as stated, and defended the appropriation for the Jewish schools on the ground that it was "in the interests of international amity." It was clearly the work of the French Grand Orient. Señor de los Rios is a Mason; and for the succeeding year he was made Grand Master of the Craft in Spain!

De los Rios belonged to the moderate or "evolutionist" faction in the Socialist party. After the Revolution in Russia he was sent there by the party to study the situation; on his return, in a convention of the party, he advised them to have nothing to do with the Third International, declaring that a Spanish attempt to imitate Russia would be disastrous for the Socialist party in Spain. It would appear that his prophecy is about to be fulfilled.

Rochester, N. Y.

OWEN B. MCGUIRE.

PASTOR

EDITOR: In a recent number you ran a letter from a priest who did no service by accusing your previous correspondent, H. M. R., of slander.

In support of H. M. R.'s letter I add this statement: I have been an active member of this parish for twenty-two years, and I do not think even once have the labor Encyclicals ever been read or talked about from the altar. The pastor never visits his people, never talks over their problems, never is present in things of interest to his parishioners, and the familiar book-rack with religious pamphlets is absolutely unknown in our church.

It is my humble opinion that our priests can do more good against the coming onslaught of Communism than anybody else. But will they? Or will it take a repetition of the history of poor Spain? Colorado.

G. M.

PRIVATE TAXES

EDITOR: The most encouraging thing about the Catholic school system is not the helpful fact that non-Catholics are beginning to appreciate it. They certainly know that the existence of thousands of our schools save them millions of dollars; many of them are beginning to get an inkling into the very evident fact that only Catholic schools, as Father Blakely pointed out, can and are supplying the state with citizens who are upright, social, and above all, religious-minded.

To my mind, the most encouraging element in the situation is that we Catholics appreciate our schools. We Catholics fill our Catholic schools because we know that only Catholic schools can be the means of making our children truly educated, that is, making them upright, cognizant of their duties to their fellow-man, and what is of para-

mount importance, cognizant of their debt and filial duty to their God.

The proof of our appreciation of the Catholic school system is very evident. You merely have to note our sacrifices for their upkeep to realize our appreciation of them. We could send our children, at less expense to ourselves and greater material comfort to them, to the new public school down the street. But we don't. We will send them to the parish school which is not so new as the public school and, of course, not so comfortable, not as well-equipped.

Though every Catholic does not appreciate what our Catholic school system is doing for us, yet most Catholics are still willing to make sacrifices that our children may receive a true education.

St. Louis, Mo.

W. E. B.

STAMPED STAMPS

EDITOR: We are surely grateful to AMERICA readers for their response to the request of our Stamp Bureau at Mount St. Michael's for stamps. The advertisement which appeared in AMERICA (August 1) brought us contributors from all over the country. But the appeals for our help are ever increasing; and unfortunately, we have not the supply of stamps to fill our needs. We can use every sort of stamp, and we can find a market for as many stamps as we can possibly receive. Continue our aid for the missions by sending us stamps. A Mass is offered each week for the contributors to our Stamp Bureau; an intention is given in the daily prayers of our 176 scholastics.

Spokane, Wash.

D. F. X. FINNEGAN, S.J.

DONOR FOUND

EDITOR: As chaplain to the Catholic seamen in this port, may I appeal to you for a complimentary copy of AMERICA for our use in the club here?

As you probably know, it is impossible to send a subscription out of Germany. Even if it were, our financial position is not at present sound enough to warrant it. We have before us the construction of a new club for our seamen, which will be officially opened on October 1st. We always endeavor to do our best for the foreign Catholics visiting this port—as for instance the fact that we have an English secretary and ship visitor. I might also make the criticism that, if more were done in New York for Catholic seamen, our work here would be considerably lighter!

Hamburg.

P. DR. MEYER.

CARNEGIE AWARD?

EDITOR: Father Feeney remarked that the Maine hen who hatched more than two hundred pullets in a year should be awarded *The Pulletser Prize*. And, I might add, *The Laetare Medal*.

Baltimore, Md.

V. G. D.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

THE HAPPY DELIVERANCE OF "DON JOHN" FRY

THOMAS BUTLER

SOME years ago, John Fry was in second year high. Miss Somebody, the teacher, was expounding Chesterton's *Lepanto*. Came the Don. One little girl in the class looked over at Fry, and smiled. He was the only "John" in the class. He smiled back his appreciation.

That night he signed his English theme, "Don John Fry." When he handed it in next day, Miss Somebody was pleased. She thought it a neat, literary touch. Ever after that, he was known as Don John.

Fry was so spare and vague-eyed that he was accused of being haunted. He indignantly denied the charge. Nevertheless, when he was a senior, Mr. What chose him to play the Ghost in *Hamlet*.

The night of the play, Don John took it upon himself to drive home a lesson. During the performance, he addressed his words and actions, not to Hamlet, but to the audience. "Taint not thy mind!" he screamed in an oboe voice, and repeated the phrase many times in violation of the text. He made a lot of people uncomfortable.

When he finished high school, he did not know what to do. Having read a book about getting back to the land, he decided to go to an agricultural college. While learning there how to vaccinate a cow, he acquired a streptococcus infection, and was in bed for many months. The next year he changed to a classical college, where there were no cows.

Shortly after he was settled in the Freshman dormitory of the college, he was reading quietly in bed one night when a loud knock came at the door. Fry jumped up, opened the door and looked out. Someone in the dark corridor hit him over the head with a bag of water. The same catastrophe occurred in the same way for five successive nights. On the sixth night, the knock came again.

"Come in!" said Don John.

"Kindly open the door!" commanded a young, stern voice.

"No you don't!" said Fry in his pajamas, "I know what you want to do,—you want to hit me over the head with a bag of water!"

There was no reply, and after that it seems he was not bothered any more.

As long as his friends could remember, Don John wore the same leather jacket. Shortly after he bought it, the buckle of the belt came off. It was never sewn on again. He carried it in his pocket, and tied the ends of the belt in a double knot in front. Even on stormiest days, he wore neither hat nor rubbers.

Fry was rather tall, had blond, bushy hair, and a baby face, and the shoulders of a girl. Many of the young ladies in the college town had a crush on him. But when he began to take them out only in twos; and when he began to improve their souls by telling them of Elizabeth of Hungary who gave away her wardrobe, and of Ruth who would not follow young men either rich or poor, and of Jahel who nailed the head of Sisara into the ground,—he very soon lost caste.

In his second year at college, Don John bought himself a pair of spiked shoes. He joined the track squad, and concentrated on the two-mile run. In the varsity meets he won quite a following among the royal rooters. He had the habit of going away from the gun, and led the pack by half a lap for the first half mile. He set the pace and enjoyed it, prancing proudly with his pigeon-toed stride. If, in three years of competition, he never scored a point, and never failed, but once, to be lapped by the winners,—he never failed to finish. That was his glory.

His college fellows like to tell of the Spring he entered the grand marathon. When Don John had finished about fifteen of the twenty-five miles, and was running wobble-legged in thirty-fourth position, he happened to pass by his uncle's house. He ran in, and went to bed for half an hour. Then he rose, rubbed his legs with liniment, gargled some hot coffee, put a piece of lemon peel into his mouth, and stumbled on along the rest of the course to finish a strong fifty-ninth. For finishing, he received a purple pink, with a blue ribbon attached. Some practical joker had the flower pressed, and hung it in the college trophy room where it rests to this day.

Don John spent six years in the classical college but did not graduate. At the close of the sixth year, he told the dean that he felt his talents were in an-

other direction. "I feel my talents are in another direction," he said. The kindly dean agreed with him, praised his pluck, and, in a calm voice, read him Milton's sonnet *On his Blindness*.

Fry was an orphan. His uncle supported him. But when the uncle heard that his nephew had quit school without graduating, he was in a frenzy. He swore he would not give the ungrateful rat another cent, "Not a blasted cent," he cried, and you can be sure he meant it.

Fry looked around for work. He applied for the post of assistant track coach at the college. They put him to work in the library.

The following autumn he made his first mission. The opening night, the priest portrayed the dignity and beauty of fatherhood, and insisted that cowardly selfishness kept most young men of today from marrying.

Immediately after the services, Fry went to a Greek restaurant where he frequently ate. A pretty Armenian girl was cashier there, and he had fallen in love with her because she was the first girl he ever met to whom he was afraid to speak. Very bravely he asked her if she would be willing to go around with him with a view to a quick marriage. She called the proprietor, and he had Fry arrested. Fry was fined, and lost his job at the library as a result.

Then he joined a military training camp. At the camp, Fry was a model of hard work and obedience. The thought of the way the Armenian girl treated him made him taciturn. The boys called him "Dumb John."

One Sunday morning in mid-winter, the Catholic boys of the outfit were on their way to Mass. They were in civilian clothes. There was quite a truckload of them. Going down an icy hill at good speed, everyone held fast as the truck swayed and skidded dangerously. Fry thought to save himself by diving into the snow. He poised, purchased, and, with terrific velocity, went like a swan through the air. He crashed headlong into a tree. A few of the lads said it was a sweet dive.

Upon arrival at the hospital, Fry was pronounced definitely dead.

In a pocket of his leather jacket were found a note book, a pair of rosary beads and the buckle of a belt.

A pencil was attached to the note book. It was a curious pencil. It had a tiny handle shaped like the hilt of a sword.

In the book was written: *Deus liberavit me de laqueo venantium.*

Don John Fry, Crusader.

That was all that Don John had ever written in the book.

The medical examiner volunteered the information that the Latin meant: "God has freed me from the wrath to come."

But what troubled the camp officer was that Fry wore no underwear, no shirt and no socks, that his trousers had no pockets, and that in the leather jacket were found no identification card, no knife, no time-tables, ticket stubs, toothpicks, cigarettes, matches, handkerchief or money.

FATHER HOPKINS AND PROFESSOR ABBOTT

BY way of a pre-supplement to Alfred Barrett's excellent paper, *Critics, Communists and Hopkins*, which will appear in next week's AMERICA, I wish to comment on the work of Professor Claude Collier Abbott in editing Gerard Manley Hopkins' letters to Robert Bridges.

Professor Abbott, all excited over the luck which put him in charge of the documents, rushes to the scene, and as a reward for having written a set of clinical footnotes to Father Hopkins' letters, allows himself also the privilege of writing an "introduction" to the volume. It is in no sense an introduction. It is rather a vindication of the moodiness of Robert Bridges' character, and a depreciation of everything in Father Hopkins' art which could be attributed to his faith, priesthood, or vocation.

I have said that Professor Abbott's footnotes are "clinical." They are. A good stenographer could have written most of them. You may learn, as a fruit of the professor's patient research, that "Gurney" is "Frederick Gurney, of Balliol" who "took a 3rd in Greats," etc. And you will not fail to be grateful to the assiduous professor for the following illuminations: Saint Aloysius Gonzaga is identified as "a youth of great promise," Saint John Berchmans as "remarkable for his fervent piety."

But worse than these elaborations of the obvious, is Professor Abbott's lack of both spiritual and literary insight. As evidence of the first I adduce the following. In one of his letters to Bridges, Father Hopkins, uneasy about the barrier which R. B. insisted in erecting against all talk of God, religion, and the hereafter, wrote: "When we met in London we never but once, and then only for a few minutes before parting, spoke on any important subject, but always on literature." What could be clearer than the significance of this remark? And yet Professor Abbott endeavors to elucidate it in the following footnote: "This presumably means: 'we spoke superficially about the books of others rather than ourselves.' Otherwise the words are ominous."

Spiritual obtuseness is bad enough, but what shall we say of literary stupidity? In a poem called *The Loss of the Eurydice* Hopkins uses the word "portholes" to rhyme with the word "mortals." It must be obvious to anyone that if this rhyme is to be allowed, "portholes" must be twisted into "portals," or else "mortals" must become "mortholes." Father Hopkins in Letter XLI, commenting on the forcedness of the rhyme says: "About 'mortholes' I do wince a little but can not now change it." I wonder how much he would wince if he found the editor of his letters accepting "mortholes" not as a travesty of the rhyme-requirement for "mortals" but as an authentic English word. "This word," notes Abbott, "is not in the printed text: it was probably used as the end word of l.40, to rhyme with 'portholes,' or instead of this last."

Under such auspices the precious letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins have been presented to the world.

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

BOOKS

MODERNIST GNOSTICISM

THE MEANING OF HISTORY. By Nicolas Berdyaev.
Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3

THREE or four years ago, Nicolas Berdyaev aroused enthusiasm in the English-reading world. A prophet had emerged from the dark past of Russia, strong in the untutored mysticism of the Orient, armed with an immense erudition culled from writers of many nations, experienced in the theoretical teachings and in the actual workings of Marxism. He diagnosed the ills of the modern world, probed into the historical causes of modern decadence of spiritual debility, psychoanalyzed the Russian Revolution, poured a withering scorn on the bourgeois mind. Up-to-the-minute periodicals printed his shorter essays. A publisher with an eye for the needs of Catholic readers brought out several of his books in English translation. These books, *The End of Our Time*, *The Bourgeois Mind*, *Christianity and the Class War*, and *Review* for September, 1935.

Then came a sobering revelation, and some of us began to regret that Berdyaev had not ceased writing when he still had a reputation for sanity. The disillusionment was not, however, due to a change in the Russian exile. It was rather the order in which his works came to us that delayed the revelation of his real mind. *The Fate of Man in the Modern World* made us a bit nervous. *Freedom of the Spirit* sent us back to comb through the earlier publications for vagaries of thought that had passed unnoticed. It is significant that Berdyaev had passed over to non-Catholic publishers, and that the blurbs quoted a chorus of non-Catholic admirers. A warning was sounded by Charles Ronayne in the *American Review* for September, 1935.

The Meaning of History falls naturally into three parts. In the first Berdyaev the philosopher is an unsafe guide. Confusing, bewildering, he evolves a system of misty metaphysics before which the mind reels. Now and then there is a brilliant flash of truth as he jumbles together his borrowings from Manichaeism, Modernism, and false Mysticism. But when he invades the realm of theology and offers us a sort of genesis of the Holy Trinity, the reader who fails to follow him should not lose heart. Berdyaev is simply using pseudo-scientific terms to talk nonsense. However, for the reader who feels secure in his own philosophy and who can suppress his indignation at the loose thinking and rash expression of the author, there is much wisdom in the book. "The philosophy of history examines man in relation to the world forces which act upon him, that is, in his greatest fullness and concreteness." It is the way to spiritual reality. Through it can human destiny best be grasped. A merely earthly history is shot through with tragedy. Only when seen as part of a celestial history does it assume a meaning. *Ex Deo, ad Deum, per Christum* Berdyaev might have written. The Greeks had no historical sense; the Jews had; Christianity alone solves the problems of man's otherwise tragic destiny.

The second part will have a familiar ring for readers of *The End of Our Time*. Christianity, we are told, prepared the way for modern science and technique. Medieval monasticism and chivalry, medieval saints concentrated, preserved, and economized the vital energy that burst forth at the Renaissance to be dissipated and exhausted by modern man. Christianity gave man freedom from nature; man freed himself from God. He built an anthropocentric world, and asserted his autonomy. Uprooted by Humanism, he took the downward path at the Reformation toward the eighteenth-century divorce

from reality, the failure of the French Revolution, Democracy, the Machine Age, Socialism, Anarchy, and Futurism. Disillusioned, impotent, divided, disintegrated, he must feel a nostalgia for higher things. Only a transcendent goal gives significance to history, whether of individuals or of nations, of institutions or of movements.

In the third and best part of the book the author demolishes the fallacy of progress. This noisy doctrine of the modern age is "an entirely illegitimate deification of the future at the expense of the past and the present." Emptied of its religious content, it is a religion of death. "History is in truth the path to another world." Within history itself is only disappointment, impotence, tragic failure. The perfect state is found only on a transcendental plane. The reason for this is bound up with man's origin, nature, destiny. Not pessimism, however, but optimism is the lesson to be drawn from this and from the strange "dialectic" of creation. As examples, take the Renaissance, the Reformation, Imperialism, Marxism. Culture prepares the way for civilization and "civilization is the doom of culture." If the reader has the patience to carry him through the earlier chapters, he will find much food for wholesome thought before he lays down the book.

R. CORRIGAN.

ANCIENT SAINTS AMONG THE SANDS

THE DESERT FATHERS. Translations from the Latin.

By Helen Waddell. Henry Holt and Co. \$2.50

JUSTLY famed as a medieval scholar, author of *The Wandering Scholars*, *Beasts and Saints*, and *Peter Abelard*, Helen Waddell has again put in her debt all who would understand the foundations of Christendom. For the Fathers of the Desert whose lives she has translated out of the great Latin tome of Rosweyde, published in Antwerp in 1615, enriched our Western world with at least one concept, that of eternity. As she says beautifully in her introduction: "Yet one intellectual concept they did give to Europe; eternity. Here again they do not formulate it: they embody it. These men, by the very exaggeration of their lies, stamped infinity on the imagination of the West." Incidentally she answers those critics of the religious life in all ages who see merely waste in the lives of the Desert Fathers. It is glorious for Byrd to shut himself up in an igloo, or for a novelist to bury himself in some remote South Sea isle, but it is forsooth illiberal and cowardly for a saint to go out into the solitudes to pray. Some of the most pungent paragraphs of her introduction handle these scoffers at the saints as they deserve.

In this book you will discover some of the most famous classics of asceticism: St. Jerome's *Life of St. Paul*, the first hermit; the *Sayings of the Fathers*, by Pelagius the Deacon; the *Sayings of the Fathers*, by Paschasius the Deacon; of *Accidie and Mortification*, by the Abbot Cassian; fragments from the *Paradisus* of Palladius; the *Spiritual Meadow* of John Moschus; the *Life of St. Pelagia the Harlot*, by James the Deacon, together with other precious bits of spiritual literature. Most of these lives and sayings have become the common patrimony of the West, and their fragrance has permeated all spiritual books since the fourth century of our era. Like some of the stories in the Breviary they may not be all literally true; but the morals in them have at least a true lesson. The author does not attempt to sift critically what is literally true in the stories and what is probable or merely fabulous. If a reader wishes this, let him dip

into the vast forest of the *Acta Sanctorum*. Since the book is thoroughly Christian and Catholic, it has naturally caused many of the critics to foam at the mouth. Wandering scholars is a subject they could comprehend, but Saints never. Not the least valuable portions of the books are the separate introductions to the lives of the various translators. They are marvels of compression.

A. G. BRICKEL

MATERIAL PROGRESS OF BRITISH PEOPLES

ECONOMIC HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ISLES. By Arthur
Bernie. F. S. Crofts and Co. \$4

RECOMMENDED though this volume be, attention needs to be called to a few defects.

History is at least a record of facts, whatever else it may be in the field of interpretation. Economic history should be a record of economic facts. Yet the author of this economic history states seriously that human history in the British Isles "goes back for at least 30,000 years," and that at a still earlier period "a species with human characteristics, though distinctly inferior to *homo sapiens*, left behind traces of its existence." Such statements, of course are not history, much less, economic history.

The other defect occurs in Chapter X, entitled *Economic Opinion in the Middle Ages*. This chapter, in spite of learned allusions to Thomas Aquinas, is superficial and foggy. The author is apparently not "at home" in this subject. The reader will get an erroneous opinion in regard to the Church and the Church's intellectual honesty. It is slyly suggested, for instance, that the Church modified its doctrine on usury lest Protestants get ahead of it.

Apart from the above exceptions, this history is interesting and instructive. The subject matter is fascinating, namely, "the material progress of the four British peoples, whose political and economic fortunes fate has so inextricably intertwined."

The American reader probably will smile or fume at the naivete of the author when he tries to excuse Britain for not paying her debts to the United States. Britain, he says, was left "no alternative except to default." The reader will ask, what about the other alternative, a very evident one, of being honest and paying what is owed?

CORNELIUS DEENEY

WORLD ANALYSIS

THE FOUNDATIONS OF CIVILIZATION. By Will Durant.
Simon and Schuster. \$1

ALMOST exactly a year ago the first volume of Dr. Durant's planned grandiose five volume *Story of Civilization* was reviewed very adequately and competently in AMERICA. This volume dealt with our Oriental Heritage, with the succeeding volumes promised at five year intervals. The first five chapters of that work, which deal with the foundations of civilization, constitute the present handy volume, demanded, so the publishers tell us, by its being made prescribed reading in certain university courses. The author in the preface makes the point that the usual method of writing history vertically or longitudinally as economic history, religious history, the history of philosophy, of literature, science, art, does injustice to the unity of human life and that history should rather be written horizontally or collaterally, the ideal history seeking to portray in each period the total complex of a nation's culture, institutions, adventures, and ways. But the accumulation of knowledge in the different spheres of human endeavor has made this a colossal task for any one individual to accomplish in a

lifetime, especially if one aims at verifying and interpreting all the facts that go into such a work. Yet this is what a history of civilization aims at.

As this work is but a reprint of what Dr. Durant had written in the introductory chapters of last year's work and as it was on these chapters that the AMERICA reviewer mainly concentrated his criticisms, there is no need of a new affirmation on the defects and inadequacies therein noted. Four elements are apodictically judged by the author to constitute civilization; economic provision, political organization, moral traditions, and the pursuit of knowledge and the arts; these, after a short chapter on the conditions of civilization, complete the remaining four chapters of the book. Religion is thus sidetracked to a fourth subdivision of morality. And it is just as well, when one reads what the author has to say as to the origin, objects, methods, and moral function of religion. The prepossessions and hypotheses are all built on a theory of evolution, developed according to the exigencies of that system, and sprout forth into a virile untamed naturalism. The whole body of doctrines that make up Catholic anthropology and Christian social ethics, i. e. the moral doctrines deriving from the Greek thinkers and perfected by Christian thinkers, are all ruled out, not indeed by argument but by a complete ignoring. Dr. Durant's facility in hurrying his reader along with a good deal of pleasing information, skillfully arranged, with a minimum of mental effort and without the drudgery of source-checking, is sufficiently well known to dispense with further emphasizing. The civilization built on the elements analyzed by the writer of this book must of necessity, *natura sua*, contain within it all the germs of dissolution whereof our modern savants and prophets are constantly reminding us.

WILLIAM J. BENN

IMPERIAL THROUGH 2623 YEARS

THE SEVEN SOVEREIGN HILLS OF ROME. By Margaret
Jackson and Elizabeth Hodder. Longmans Green
and Co. \$3.50

THIS panorama of Roman history by Margaret Jackson and Elizabeth Hodder is addressed as the authors assure us in the introduction "not to specialists but to the general reader." This is perhaps intended to disarm criticism. But the book itself is well done, and carries the story from 753 B.C. to the seizure of Rome by Italian nationalists in 1870. The proportion observed in giving space to the different epochs of Roman history is just, with the exception perhaps of too much stress on the Renaissance Popes who were more devoted to their nephews than to the interests of the Church Universal. Here the personal element and the private scandals bulk larger in the book than they deserve. In fact the most reprehensible of these *Golden Age* Popes were good administrators and helped rather than maimed that older European thing, the Renaissance of Letters, which the Reformation people killed in beheadings of humanist saints and sacking of monastic libraries.

It is inevitable, perhaps, that the book should engender the impression that while the authors themselves are like all things modern, fruits of the influence of Rome, still they are somewhat unripe fruits. As a typical instance might be quoted this sentence from page 499: "In his Encyclical *Quanta Cura* and the accompanying Syllabus, he reiterates his insistence on the necessity for the maintenance of the temporal power, he condemns liberty of conscience, of public worship, and of the press, thereby placing himself squarely against freedom of thought, not only as regards religion but as regards social and civic relations as well." Such a sentence is just nonsense. Pius IX condemned nineteenth century liberalism in the Syllabus. The entire civilized world including Russia, which is half-civilized, took a half century longer than the Pope to discover that liberalism is wrong. Why blame Pius IX

for being fifty years in advance of the world? Pius IX saw, as Cardinal Newman saw, and as all observant thinkers today see that the case is between atheism and Catholicism. And we might ask if the temporal power is wrong, how account for the fact that the temporal power has re-arisen in the Vatican City? A. G. B.

ARTS

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. By Rev. Alban Butler, Edited and Revised by Herbert Thurston, S.J., and Donald Attwater. Vol. X. October. P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$2.75.

OCTOBER is a bulky month in the *martyrologium*; the Bollandists found it necessary to give no fewer than thirteen folio volumes to the Saints of this month. This revision of the older Butler volume for October contains about 193 biographies. In some of these revisions Butler has been drastically edited and pruned. On the other hand, no fewer than ninety-seven new biographies, among them some of the more recent Saints and Blessed find a place, together with valuable scientific bibliographical notes appended.

The editors have applied the apparatus of modern historical criticism to their task. Many pious, but wholly insupportable legends, which the devout reader was accustomed to find in the earlier editions of Butler, are here eliminated altogether. In others, fact has been ruthlessly sifted from pious fancy.

To praise Butler's *Lives of the Saints* would be an impertinence. But in their revision the editors have done a good work for Catholic scholarship, and, too, they have lifted the science of hagiography to a position where it makes an instant appeal to learned and unlearned alike.

WHAT IS HEAVEN? By Martin J. Scott, S.J. P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$1.50

WHY do we normally think so little, speak so little, read and write so little about Heaven? Is it, as Father James Daly rather disconsolately concluded, that we are all somewhat amiss in the exercise of our infused virtue of hope? If so, we should take heart at this sign of improvement: the past year has given us two books about our future homeland, *Heaven, An Anthology* and *What is Heaven?* by that veteran apologist, Father Martin Scott.

It is a short book (160 pages), and its value lies in its author's characteristic style. It calmly, very simply, with a wealth of homely imagery, almost baldly one might be inclined to say, sets forth the thoroughly satisfying data of Revelation, and the sane rational conclusions deriving therefrom, concerning the knowledge, the love, and the unfailing happiness, as well as the incidental joys, prepared for all those lifted up to the sonship of adoption and joint-inheritance with Christ, provided they abide by the dictates of their nature and the guidance of their Redeemer.

WAKE AND REMEMBER. By James Gray. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50

GENESIS is a little town on a river in Minnesota, not far from St. Paul, where many city residents have summer cottages. Among them is Alec Rankin. He has just established his two motherless boys there in the care of the servant girl, Marta, and expects to spend weekends with them through the season. It has been just a year since he lost his wife with whom he was deeply in love, and his thoughts continually revert to her. In a neighboring cottage is Deborah Price, who in spite of her youth and beauty broods on the disgrace of her father, serving a term in the penitentiary for embezzlement. Alec saves her from what looks like suicide. A friendship starts, then ripens into love. An emotional conflict is offered in the hero's love and loyalty for his dead wife, his fear of losing the love of his boys, his love of Deborah.

THE most interesting exhibition of the early fall of this year has been that somewhat sententiously described as "New Horizons on American Art." This consists of an exhibition of specimens of work done under the Federal Art Project of the Works Progress Administration, familiarly known to most of us as the WPA. The National Director of the Project, Holger Cahill, contributes to the catalog a rather long and detailed analysis both of the position of the artists in American society and of the scope of the Project. Certainly if all of the activities of the WPA were as fruitful of results as this, there would be possible very little criticism. Any one who wants to find out what the Arts Project has been doing has only to visit the Museum of Modern Art while this show is in progress and satisfy himself as to the value of what has been done.

Mr. Cahill quite properly remarks in the first sentence of his article: "When the long view of American art is taken, it becomes clear that the American artist has rarely had a full and free relationship with a public or with his own time. The cleavage has become increasingly apparent under the stress of social and economic uncertainties, which have faced the American artist sharply since the middle of the nineteenth century, and which have faced him with tragic immediacy in recent years." Certainly, no one could state more clearly the fundamental economic and social condition which has continuously disintegrated American artistic effort. The idea back of WPA Art Project seems to be that it will assist in bridging the moat, which surrounds the Ivory castle, in which the American artist has been forced to immure himself. This is to be done very largely by supplying Government funds for the painting of murals in public buildings, schools, hospitals, etc. It is also being done through the encouragement of children's artistic activities and by supplying to any artist in need appropriately useful or engaging work.

It is that portion of the program which concerns mural painting that has attracted the greatest amount of attention, and which obviously is the most direct way of putting an artist in touch with his public. It is also this portion of the Project which has attracted the greatest public attention and undoubtedly produced the most conspicuous results. It is literally true that hundreds of schools and colleges and hospitals have had their bare walls decorated with paintings, and it is perfectly natural that most of us should be more aware of this new phenomenon in American life than we are of the other activities of the project. For this reason the mural department of the present exhibition has attracted the most public attention. And yet I cannot see that there has emerged any particularly distinguished result, at least as far as the specimens on view at the Modern Museum are concerned. We are there presented with one example of bad academic work which is scarcely worth mentioning, a number of mildly interesting compositions obviously influenced by contemporary Mexican painting, and a considerable number of nondescript performances, either vaguely naïve, impressionist, or abstract. Perhaps the most damning thing one can say about these murals is that they remind one a little of what has been seen for the last five years at Architectural League shows.

There are conspicuous exceptions. Arshile Gorky has supplied some interesting abstract forms, based upon various aspects of aviation, which do not photograph at all well, but which are distinctly interesting. There are two studies by Mitchell Siporin which also emerge above the rest of the exhibits. But somehow it does seem a little disappointing that all of this activity in covering walls has not produced something a little more expressive of human personality and a little less imitative of well-known personalities.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

FILMS

LIBELED LADY. The prodigal hand of the casting director has undoubtedly given this amusing film a final brilliance in the eyes of the constant moviegoer by bringing together four such personages as Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow and William Powell. The script, moreover, justifies the importance of the featured players, boasting witty dialogue and action of an effervescent sort. A libel expert, in order to save his newspaper editor from a lawsuit, attempts to compromise the complaining heiress and ends by eloping with her. His previous and temporary alliance with the editor's fiancée causes major difficulties. Marriage, according to the careers spun out in this comedy, is an institution with revolving doors. It is this lightheaded and casual attitude toward marriages of convenience which robs the picture of general approval. Even in so obvious a farce are mirrored the unhealthy signs of the times. The production is, with this reservation, suitable for adults. (MGM)

THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY. The only spectators who will get any measure of satisfaction from President Roosevelt's connection with this dull affair are the parties of the opposition. But, lest one should suspect its release during the heat of the campaign to be a political plot, it is at least faintly partisan toward certain administrative policies. In a general view, the film is a thinly coated preachment on the merits of small scale cooperatives and its entertainment value is negligible. Six well-known authors elaborated the President's story idea which has a reformed corporation lawyer rehabilitating a bankrupt community. Whatever advantage was expected from having half a dozen highly individual writers collaborate on this plot is certainly not evident and the unity of the story suffers greatly. Henry Wilcoxon and Betty Furness carry off the romantic interest. (Republic)

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937. This annual variation on the monster radio show theme, which threatens to go on indefinitely, is featured by the usual plethora of comedians and the initial screen appearance of Leopold Stokowski. It is capital entertainment for those who like their vaudeville neat, without the interruptions of a sustained story. When George Burns and Gracie Allen, golf ball manufacturers, decide to sponsor a radio program crooners, comedians, and musicians appear at the drop of a contract. There is something in this melange to suit every taste, from symphonic arrangements by Stokowski to "swing" rhythms by Benny Goodman. Jack Benny, Bob Burns, Martha Raye and Shirley Ross are also on the entertainment committee. (Paramount)

LADIES IN LOVE. The romantic complications assailing three girls who live together in a Budapest lodging house are solved in a pleasantly absorbing tale played by a lavish and excellent cast. There are more heroines in this film than you can shake a stick at, among them Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young and Constance Bennett. The plot centers about Miss Gaynor, an impoverished ex-Baroness who is sought after by a doctor and a magician. It is she who prevents the suicide of the chorus girl, portrayed by Miss Young, after a disappointing romance and changes her outlook on life. Miss Bennett, a model in search of wealth, is also denied the grand passion. All this may sound very like a page from *Advice to the Lovelorn*, but it is decidedly superior screen fare and will be especially satisfactory to feminine patrons. Rounding out the unusual array of talent are Simone Simon, Paul Lukas and Don Ameche. The various threads of the story are nicely drawn together as the action progresses under the direction of Edward Griffith. This one belongs on the adult list. (Twentieth Century-Fox) THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS.

EVENTS

THE straining after civic pulchritude took on new intensity. . . . Aldermen of a Jersey town ordered citizens to cease exposing their Monday wash to the gaze of passing motorists. . . . Efforts to introduce greater symbolism into the contours of ash and garbage cans, to weave the note of artistic restraint into their color schemes were accelerated. . . . Prices were rising. . . . A former grave digger in Bucharest sold space in heaven to peasants for fifteen cents a square yard. . . . The cost of crime in the United States skyrocketed. Last quoted at \$30,000.00 a minute, it was said to be not worth the price. . . . Callous indifference to the feelings of others was exhibited. . . . A New York gangster who had ambitions to be classified as Public Enemy No. 1 was rated by police as Public Enemy No. 6. . . . A Chinese in California was ruthlessly put out of jail upon completion of his term. He thought conditions ideal there; was heartbroken over his ejection. . . . The clinging to old and tried forms continued in American officialdom. The State of Oklahoma purchased 4,500 feet of red tape. . . . A resolute attempt to improve police technique was observed. A police captain showing recruits how to handle tear-gas bombs inadvertently dropped one of the bombs. Orders were immediately issued to all police instructors to stop dropping tear-gas bombs in front of recruits. . . . In the world of sport, a California woman gained high honors in the stalest bread contest, with a piece of bread baked by her mother-in-law fifty years ago. . . .

WHEN the cancer of divorce first began menacing society, wise men said: "If marriages can be dissolved for the weightiest reasons they will soon be dissolved for the flimsiest." . . . Those men knew human nature. . . . Last week a man and wife sought divorce because: "Our love is so deep it has interfered with both our careers." . . . Mutual devotion as grounds for divorce is a new one. Next week there will be another new one. . . . One hundred tiny thermite bombs dropped from a plane will start 10,000 fires, destroy the largest city. . . . One tiny idea like divorce wreaks more havoc than a million bombs. Men rebuild broken houses; they never rebuild broken homes. . . . Scientific inventions used so widely for destructive purposes threaten the life of man on earth, Prof. Bogert of Columbia University fears. . . . His solution is: "Better humans must be bred." . . . Better humans do not rise from wrecked marriages. . . . A novel racket came to light. . . . Rag pickers, junkmen pull old hats out of garbage cans, rubbish piles; sell them to millinery firms, who dust them off, sell them for new. Throngs of women, unwittingly, wear fashionable-looking, undisinfected "ash-can" hats. . . . Many of the ideas in modern heads are like those hats—pulled out of scientific and historical ash-cans, passed off by newspapers and magazines as new and healthy. . . .

PRIZE WINNER: The first prize for top-flight hypocrisy must be awarded to the Soviets. . . . After instigating the Spanish civil war, ordering the murder of priests and nuns, the desecration of churches, the campaign of blood and terror, the Soviets are now painting this picture for foreign consumption: Other wicked nations are providing guns and bullets for the Spanish insurgents. . . . But not Russia. . . . There are no bombs concealed in the boxes marked food and clothes Russia is pouring into Spain. . . . In Moscow and Leningrad factories are working overtime on shoes and clothes for Spanish children. . . . Reading the reports issuing from the Kremlin these days one can almost see the tears in Stalin's eyes as he hears of little Spaniards going around with holes in their soles, heels all run down. . . . The Soviets are not worrying about Spanish children; they are straining every effort to shoot Spanish papas. THE PARADER